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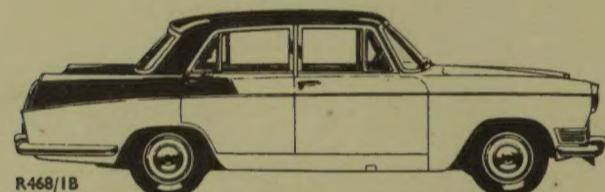
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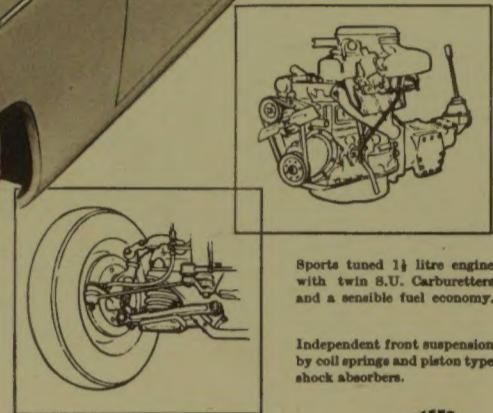
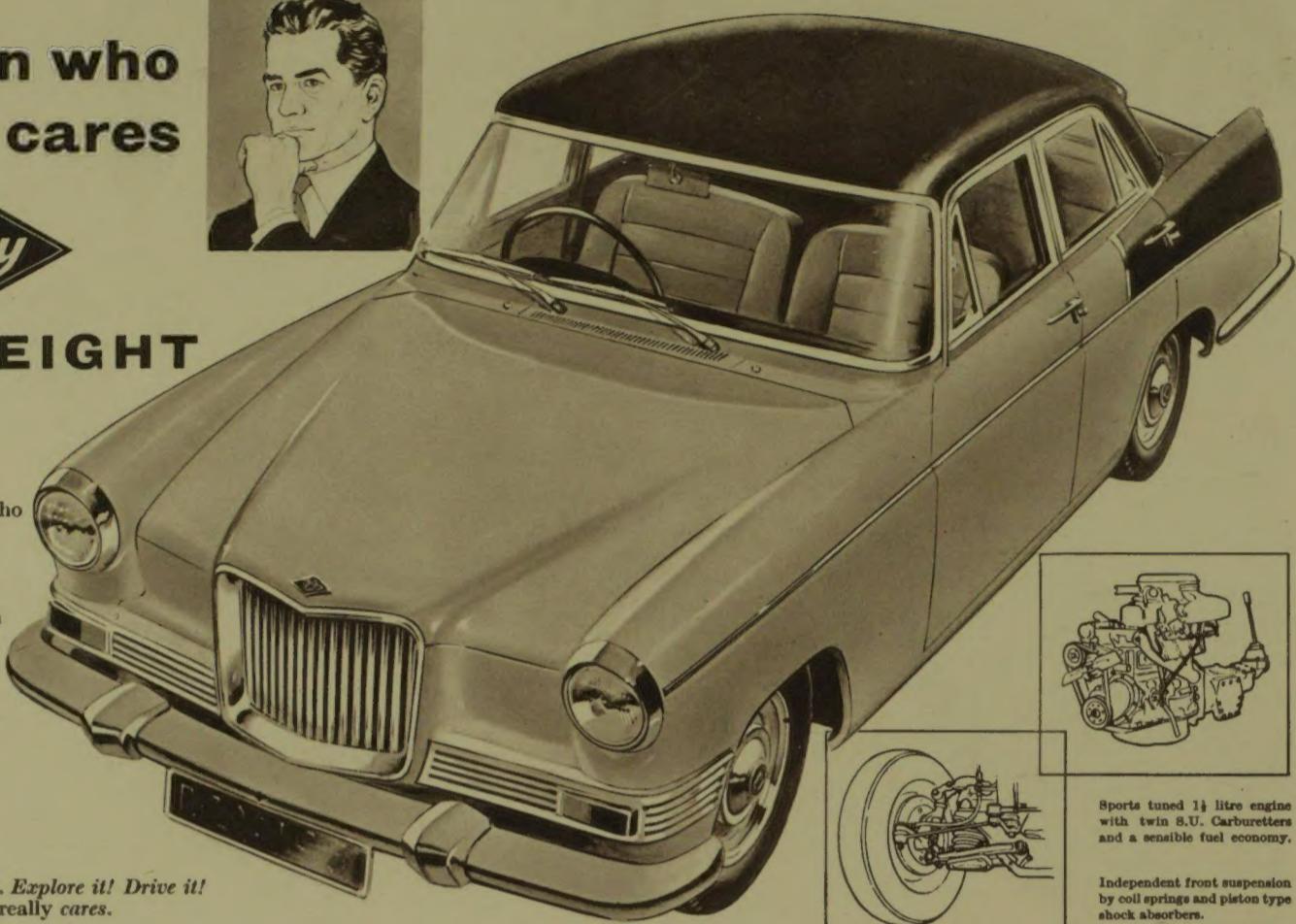
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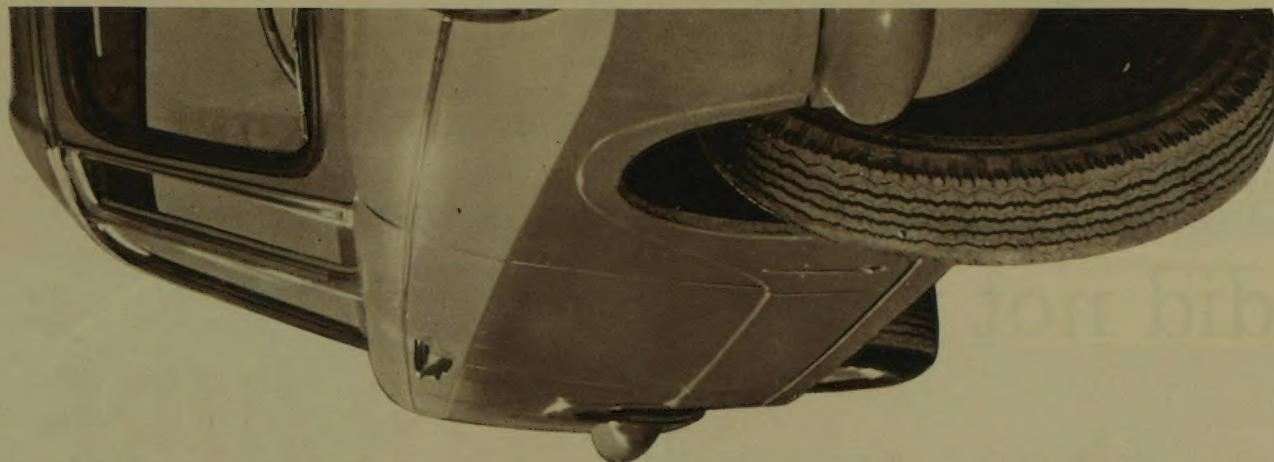
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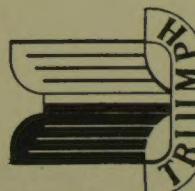
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SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1959.



THE QUEEN VISITS THE PORT OF LONDON : THE P.L.A. YACHT ST. KATHARINE ENTERING THE ROYAL ALBERT DOCK.

On May 12 the Queen and Prince Philip paid a six-hour visit to the Port of London Authority. They were received at the P.L.A. headquarters by the chairman, Lord Simon, the vice-chairman, Lord Cottesloe, and the general manager, Sir Leslie Ford, and lunched in the members' dining-room. They paid visits to the 150-year-old Crescent Vault and to various warehouses; and embarked in St. Katharine for an hour's cruise of the Royal

Albert and King George V Docks, during which they saw about thirty-five vessels, including the Shaw-Savill liner *Gothic*, in which they sailed during their Commonwealth tour in 1953-54. Later returning to Tower Bridge, they transferred at Tower Pier to the Authority's launch *Nore*, in which they sailed up the Thames to Westminster Pier, for the return by car to Buckingham Palace. Another photograph appears on page 868.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

AS one travels through England by car, dodging, overtaking or fretting behind the continuous stream of traffic that pours along its narrow, congested highways in both directions, one glimpses behind the petrol stations, the new council houses, the ugly Victorian and Edwardian suburbs of the towns and larger villages, the remnants of an older England. Here is the Georgian coaching inn; the fine red-brick Hanoverian lawyer's house with carved portico behind a stately garden wall, topped by mulberry trees or a pair of cedars; a row, fallen on evil days, of decaying but neatly-built cottages once inhabited by unlettered but immensely skilful 18th-century workers in stone, wood or metal—the men who made the furniture, silver and china-ware that sells at such fabulous prices at Christie's or Sotheby's to-day. And behind, or side by side with them, are vestiges of a still older England, Stuart and Tudor—a line of almshouses with a long, beautifully lettered inscription over the door, a cloth or market hall, a great mansion like Burghley, Hatfield or Levens hidden or half-hidden from the highway, with stone terraces, or topiary paths,

where stately ladies once did use
To walk wi' hoops an' high-heeled shoes.

And beyond them again in time, though still sharing the same space, are the church-towers and naves, the last barns and granaries of the old open-field agricultural system, like Coxwell and Tisbury, the collegiate buildings, gateways, bridges and ruined castles, and, towering over all, even over the huge, clumsy factories, gasometers and silos of our own unseeing, imperceptive age, the giant cathedrals of the latter Middle Ages—Lincoln and Salisbury, York and Exeter, Ely, Norwich and Canterbury, still to this very day the crowning glories of our land. These in many, indeed most, cases incorporate buildings of even greater antiquity, like the great Norman arches of Peterborough and Durham and the tiny humble choirs of many a parish church, that once rose, spireless and towerless, above the minute wattled and thatched huts of our peasant ancestors in the days of the Normans and Saxons. Their survival into the era of the internal combustion engine and the aeroplane never ceases to amaze and fascinate me. How much longer, one wonders, will they survive before their destruction at the hands of the atom bomb, the Teddy boy gang, or, far more imminent and perilous, the Borough Engineer or County Council Road Surveyor?

Yet there is something about them that amazes and fascinates me even more. How came they to be at all? How was it that our forbears, with so little to help them but their skilful, industrious hand sand a few simple manual tools, raised these magnificent edifices, of which, incidentally, what survive into our own age are only a small, accidentally-preserved fraction of what they originally created. What inner driving force would have inspired them to be so intensely determined,

industrious and heroically ambitious and to build, as they did, not for their own age alone but for a seemingly eternal, though, as it has turned out, largely unheeding, posterity? And the answer, however inexplicable to our generation, is a very simple one, and the explanation, I believe, of the history of England from the days of St. Augustine and St. Cuthbert to those of Milton and Bunyan, and even, in a diminishing degree, to those of Wesley and Wilberforce—that they were animated by a passionate desire to understand the meaning of life and an intense belief in God as the creator and ruler of the Universe. We no longer possess that desire or belief; we are content with what the *Daily This* or, if we are aspiring "Top People," *The Times* tells us, and all we want is to make as much money for the satisfaction of our own bodily comforts—or, if we are social-minded, those

Sea, remain stubbornly unconverted and are growing more heathen every day. Whether this is a good thing or not remains to be seen. Personally, I believe we are likely to be the losers by it, both in this world and, if—contrary to general modern belief—there be another world, in the next. For, unlike John Osborne and his generation, who look back in anger, I look back in regret. This is because I look back not to the immediate past but to a more distant one—not to the golf links, Edwardian Ascot and Clapham Junction—but to the age of Fountains, Bell Harry tower and Salisbury spire, to the Age of Faith.

I know very well, of course, that the Age of Faith was no Utopia on earth; that there was disease, war, poverty, squalor, malice, jealousy and all unkindness, then as now. One has only to read Chaucer—that wonderful English mirror

of a vanished age—to realise it and how unchanging the manifestations of human nature are. But unlike the men of the era in which I grew up and which preceded ours, I doubt if human nature is perfectible or whether the world can ever be made a Utopia. I am sure it is a good thing to try to make it so, but, knowing myself and a little of my fellow men, I find it hard to suppose that it is an end that can ever be wholly achieved by human effort. Original sin, and even more strongly original folly, seem to be part of the soil in which we grow. But my contention is that, though it will not remove these elements from the earth in which our transient lot is cast, faith is essential to enable human beings to do the work and achieve the stature of which they are capable. Their lives are as poor and stunted without it as plants without rain. And it was because in the past the people of England and their rulers were touched by faith that they achieved so much, and their achievements in grace and comeliness still stand, unmatched, to-day. And the more I think of



DURING THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY ON MAY 12: H.M. THE QUEEN EXAMINING A MINIATURE SHERRY CASK WHICH THE COOPERS OF THE AUTHORITY PRESENTED TO HER, FOR H.M.Y. BRITANNIA.

During the visit of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to the Port of London Authority, reported on the previous page, the Royal party toured the Crescent Vault and saw wines in bond—and sampled a fine cask of port. In the course of this visit the Authority's coopers presented the miniature sherry cask we show. At the Victoria Dock the Queen saw wool bales from Australia and New Zealand in the warehouse, and the wool merchants made her a present of a rug, specially made from Falkland Islands wool.

of the aggregate community—as seem, without over-tiring ourselves, reasonable. We want a rising wage or salary, a forty-hour or less week, holidays with pay, refrigerators, washing-machines and telly-sets, a garage beside every house and a car in every garage. And soon, no doubt, we shall want other things—helicopters and free daily injections of happiness-drugs and State-provided monkey-glands to make us live longer! But, as a people, we feel no desire to raise great monuments to the glory of God—"ad gloriam majorem Dei," as our Latin-writing ancestors put it—or to go out into the waste or pagan places of the earth to found Christian colonies and convert and save the souls of the heathen. And, as a result, with a few isolated exceptions to prove the rule like Liverpool Cathedral or Guildford, no architectural monuments of enduring beauty and faith are being raised amid all the vast conglomeration of modern utilitarian and transient architecture, while the heathen, beyond the Iron Curtain and the China

it, the more I come to believe that everything of value in our history between the Dark Ages and our own time sprang out of the Christian faith and the attempts, however imperfect, of our ancestors to apply its principles in practice. It is true of what happened before the Reformation, it is true of the Reformation itself and the great Puritan movement that sprang out of it, and it is true of what happened after the Reformation until comparatively recent times, even when—as often happened in the age of declining faith after the 17th century—it was no longer done in Christ's name. No one, I would venture to suggest, can understand English history and the testimony of its ancient buildings and monuments who fails to enter into the feelings and motives that caused our ancestors to believe what they did and, believing, to do what they did. The ruined arch at Croyland and the soaring vault of King's College Chapel or St. George's, Windsor, tell the secret of their power.

PRINCESS MARGARET AND HER OWN REGIMENT—IN GLASGOW AND AYR.



PRINCESS MARGARET SMILES AT THE CHILDREN OF THE SEAFIELD HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN AT AYR, WHERE SHE HAD RECEIVED THE FREEDOM ON BEHALF OF HER REGIMENT.



AT GLASGOW: PRINCESS MARGARET PRESENTS NEW COLOURS TO THE 1ST BN., THE ROYAL HIGHLAND FUSILIERS (PRINCESS MARGARET'S OWN GLASGOW AND AYRSHIRE REGIMENT).

On May 12 and 13 Princess Margaret visited Glasgow and Ayr for ceremonies in connection with the new regiment formed by the amalgamation of The Royal Scots Fusiliers and The Highland Light Infantry. The new regiment's full name is The Royal Highland Fusiliers (Princess Margaret's Own Glasgow and Ayrshire Regiment) and Princess Margaret is the Colonel-in-Chief. In Glasgow she presented Colours to the regiment and on its

behalf received the Freedom of the City of Glasgow. On May 13 she likewise received the Freedom of the Royal Burgh of Ayr on behalf of the regiment; and paid a visit to the Seafield Hospital for Sick Children. Before leaving from Prestwick Airport she paid an official visit to Churchill Barracks, the Ayrshire home of the regiment, and was photographed first with the warrant officers and N.C.O.s, and then with the officers.



CELEBRATING THEIR CENTENARY: THE CORPS OF COMMISSIONAIRES MARCH PAST THE QUEEN AFTER SHE HAD REVIEWED THEM IN THE GARDEN OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The Corps of Commissioners, which this year celebrates the anniversary of its foundation, was honoured on May 13 by being reviewed by H.M. the Queen in the garden of Buckingham Palace. About 1000 were on parade, including a number of veterans who had come out of retirement and formed a separate company.

ROYAL OCCASIONS IN ENGLAND, AND THE U.S.; AND A CENTENARY PARADE.



KING BAUDOUIN OF THE BELGIANS (LEFT) DRIVING WITH PRESIDENT EISENHOWER ON THEIR WAY BACK FROM THE AIRPORT, AFTER THE KING'S ARRIVAL. On May 11 King Baudouin of the Belgians arrived by air in Washington for the beginning of an official visit to the United States. His stay began with three days as guest of President Eisenhower, after which he was to tour the country and would be returning to Belgium at the end of May.



DURING HER VISIT TO NO. 617 SQUADRON, R.A.F., THE "DAM 'BUSTERS," AT SCAMPTON: THE QUEEN MOTHER AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF LANCASTERS OF THE TYPE USED BY THE SQUADRON DURING THE WAR YEARS.



AT THE R.A.F. STATION, SCAMPTON: THE QUEEN MOTHER LOOKS AT A MODEL USED DURING THE WAR FOR BRIEFING CREWS ON "DAM-BUSTING" RAIDS BY THE SQUADRON. On May 14 Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, acting on behalf of the Queen, visited the R.A.F. station at Scampton, Lincs., to present The Standard to No. 617 Squadron, R.A.F., who during the war earned the proud name of the "Dam Busters"—and were, indeed, specially formed for the operations against the Mohne and Eder dams. Her last visit to the station was made soon after that famous operation in 1943.

FROM AN AIR DISASTER TO A
WATER-SPEED RECORD:

AS AN AMERICAN POLAR FLIGHT AIRCRAFT LANDED AT DAWN: A FIRE RAGES AT THE LONELY ARCTIC OUTPOST OF FROBISHER, CANADA. A fire which broke out at Frobisher, Baffin Island, as an aircraft landed there at dawn on May 10, spread to warehouses containing medical and food supplies, and destroyed nearly £100,000-worth of buildings and equipment. Fortunately there was no wind to spread the blaze.



PLANNED AS PART OF THE HYDE PARK CORNER RECONSTRUCTION SCHEME: A LECTURE THEATRE FOR THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE ROYAL AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY, WHICH WILL COST ABOUT £150,000. THE SOCIETY IS APPEALING TO ITS MEMBERS FOR CONTRIBUTIONS.

SOME RECENT EVENTS AT
HOME AND ABROAD.

PRACTISING FOR AN AIR DISPLAY: THE FAMOUS BLACK HAWKER HUNTERS OF NO. III SQUADRON, R.A.F. FIGHTER COMMAND, GIVE AN OBJECT LESSON IN FORMATION FLYING. THE SQUADRON WAS SEEN BY OVER A MILLION SPECTATORS IN DISPLAYS LAST YEAR.



WORKPEOPLE ARE EVACUATED AS SMOKE POURS FROM THE BLAZING ROLLS-ROYCE FACTORY, NEAR LEICESTER, SEVERELY DAMAGED ON MAY 13. DAMAGE IS ESTIMATED AT OVER £1,000,000. THE FACTORY, WHICH IS A SUB-ASSEMBLY PLANT, MANUFACTURED SHEET METAL COMPONENTS.

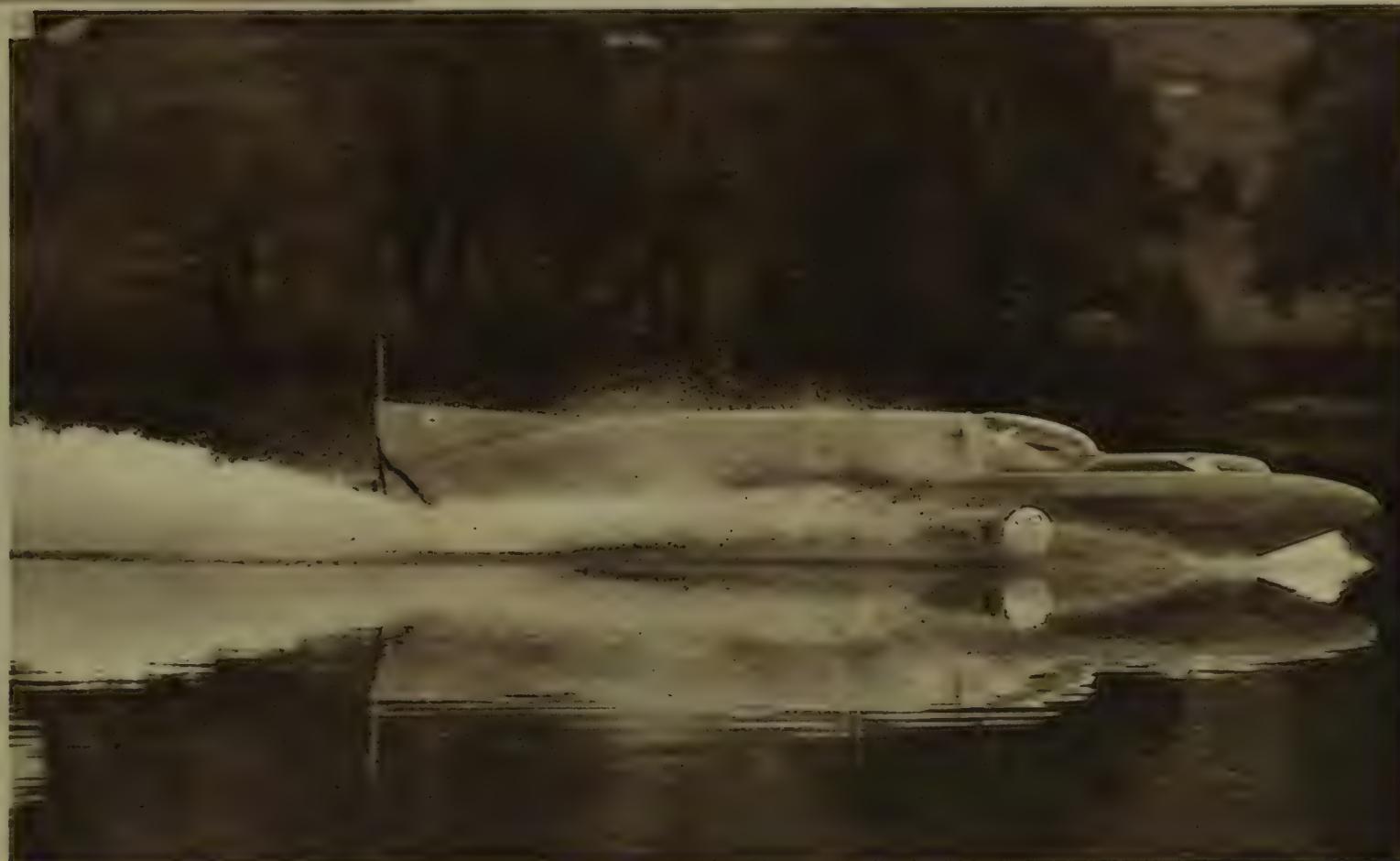


WITH SMOKE STILL LINGERING OVER THE BUCKLED FACTORY ROOFS: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE ROLLS-ROYCE FACTORY SEVERELY DAMAGED BY FIRE.

A number of secret projects are understood to have been destroyed in the recent fire which inflicted over £1,000,000 of damage on the Rolls-Royce factory near Leicester. Arrangements have been made to transfer production to other factories. Delivery of aircraft engines will not be held up by the disaster.

(Right.)

IN WORDSWORTH'S COUNTRY AT 260 M.P.H.: MR. DONALD CAMPBELL IN *BLUEBIRD* STREAKING ACROSS CONISTON WATER, IN THE LAKE DISTRICT, TO BREAK HIS OWN WATER-SPEED RECORD. In spite of being told by his chief mechanic to "feel his way gently" because of a slight swell, Mr. Donald Campbell achieved a speed of 275.15 m.p.h. on Coniston Water during his outward-mile run in *Bluebird* on May 14. On the return run he achieved 245.55 m.p.h. and so set up a new water-speed record of 260.35 m.p.h. In doing so he broke by 12 m.p.h. his own record set up on Coniston Water six months ago.



MANY people must have been surprised by the statement made on May 11, in answer to a question in the House of Commons, that the British Government had agreed to the sale of a consignment of arms to Iraq. Those who had followed affairs in the Middle East with the closest attention were probably less astonished than those who had not, but the former cannot have found the decision an easy one. It took some time to reach, and the scales assuredly did not drop in its favour with a bang. Though the Government now feels confident that it has done the right thing, it cannot be sure that the results will be commensurate with its hopes.

The first question to be answered is why General Kassem made the request. Here I can feel assured that my interpretation of his reasons is in itself correct, but not that it is complete. To begin with, he needed more arms of modern type; Britain had long been the traditional source from which the armed forces of Iraq had acquired arms; and his officers and specialists were familiar with the types, if not with the actual models or "marks." In the second place, he desired to retain freedom and independence of action and to refrain from putting himself and his Government completely under Russian influence, which might easily develop into Russian control. He is playing

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

BRITISH ARMS FOR IRAQ.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime *Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

United States Government was approached before any promise was given to General Kassem, and that it also agreed with the policy. In a sense, however, the attitude of the Persian Government is the most remarkable tribute to the scheme, because its relations with Iraq were far from good. Evidently it did not think there was a risk that these arms would be used for aggression against its country.

One can muster many arguments against the Government's action. The first and most obvious is the recent history of Iraq. The second is that Communist power has undoubtedly made a rapid and sensational advance since the failure of the last *coup* directed against the Government and that no proof exists of this progress having ceased. In fact, just before these words were written, a member of the Iraqi Government spoke in favour of the admission of Communists to the Cabinet. It can be no secret that General Kassem had been at great pains to avoid such a step, one which has

course, rests with the Cabinet, but, though it may reject the counsel of its advisers on broader and more vital issues, it is hardly likely to do so on a matter of this sort.

If I have been correct in my estimate of General Kassem's reasons for applying to us for arms, the reasons themselves will suffice to justify the British Government in agreeing to supply them. One other favourable point—so far at least—is that recent discussions with representatives of oil interests have been by no means unpromising. There had been hints of nationalisation, even of confiscation, though that did not appear a likely step for a country which must sell its oil if it is to exist on its present basis and must find at least a large proportion of its market in the Western World. The conversations proved satisfactory from this point of view. The factor must have played a considerable part in the decision to continue the sale of arms to Iraq.

What all my arguments, which I have striven to keep as objective as possible, amount to is that that decision cannot be wrong. It would be another matter to prophesy that great positive results were to be expected from it. They must depend mainly on the success of the Iraqi Prime Minister in the pursuance of his policy. The abortive rising which was so quickly put down



THE TABLE THAT CAUSED THE FIRST DISPUTE AT THE FOREIGN MINISTERS' CONFERENCE IN GENEVA—AND THE COMPROMISE SOLUTION.

Before the Foreign Ministers even sat down to their conference at Geneva on May 11, a dispute arose over the shape of the table: whether it should be round as the Russians wanted, or square as the West wished it to be. This disagreement was the expression of the Russian desire for the representation of East Germany at the conference with full rights. As in

any case Western Germany did not want full participation, there was much opposition to the Russian proposal. Finally, on May 11, Mr. Gromyko agreed that the two German delegations should attend as observers (foreground, left and right) separated by the United Nations Secretariat (centre), while the four Foreign Ministers are seated at the round table.

a very difficult hand. Iraq is in revolutionary mood. Elements in the Army recently tried to pull it one way by violent means. An attempt to pull it the other—that is, to unadulterated Communism and the position of a Russian satellite—cannot be ruled out.

Finally, it would seem that General Kassem's action had a more subtle basis: a desire to find out how far British friendship, obviously and inevitably weakened to a grave extent by a revolution which overthrew a friendly allied Government and assassinated its rulers, could be recovered. I do not suggest that there was a trace of sentiment in this experiment. Yet good relations with Britain would help to secure that independence which General Kassem clearly desires. Almost every pronouncement made by him since he took office has been some variation on the theme that Iraq desired to go her own way in peace, without entering any ideological camp.

To turn to the British side, our Government has approached the two important neighbours of Iraq, Turkey and Persia, and found them favourable to its projected action. In the case of Persia, it had only a few days earlier had the opportunity of discussing the question by word of mouth with the Shah and his advisers in London. They approved of the proposal. It is also clear that the

in the past been fatal to a number of governments in a like state.

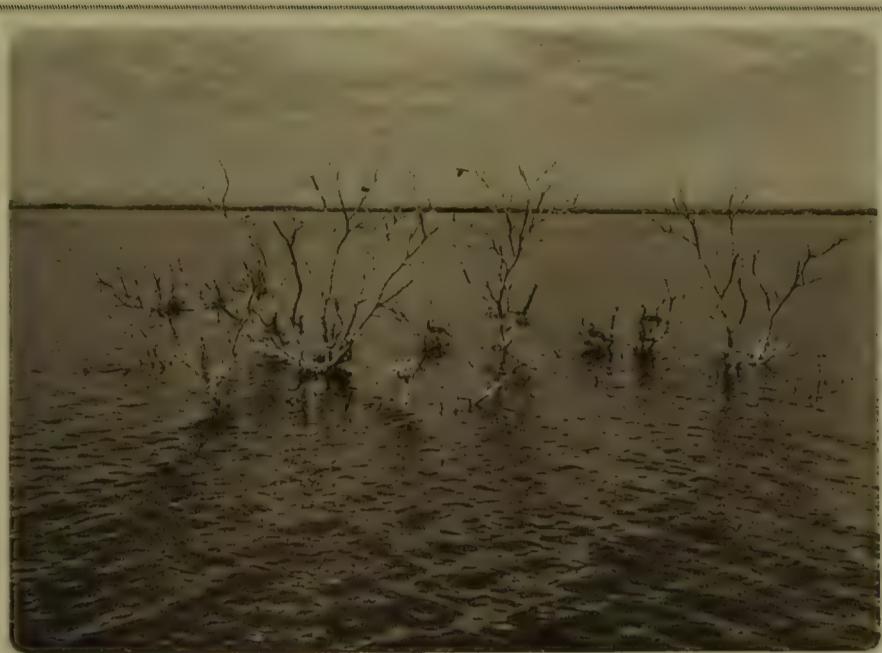
The main point brought up by the Opposition in the course of supplementary questions seems at first sight to transcend those which I have put forward: It is that the Soviet Government and Mr. Khrushchev in particular have talked of the possibility of putting an embargo on arms to Middle Eastern countries. This step may or not be desirable, but the fact remains that Russia, both before and since the revolution in Iraq, has been active in selling arms in the Middle East, including Iraq. The reactions of the Egyptian Press have been bitter, and this at a moment when relations had somewhat improved. It is not easy to estimate how deep this anger goes or how long it is likely to endure.

One other point seems worth mentioning. We know from past experience that it is almost a routine in marginal judgments such as this to call upon the Foreign Office, the Ministry of Defence, and the Chiefs of Staff for particularly thorough studies. In such cases examination by the experts in the two fields has often made the margin in favour of one course or another appear much wider than it had previously seemed to the Cabinet. When this happens, a tentative decision is turned to a confident one. The final word, of

increased the numbers, power, and prestige of the Communists in Iraq, but it is very difficult to estimate to what extent it undermined General Kassem's position. Nor is it possible at the time of writing to foresee how the Army and the country at large will take his decision. Rulers in these parts are under no illusions about the risks they must persevere accept. King Hussein spoke in London of his readiness to die for his country. The Shah, with the country overwhelmingly loyal, remarked that he constantly faced death at the hands of an assassin.

General Kassem possesses a remarkable personality, which has been a big factor in his success up to date. But a régime depending so largely on personal popularity is vulnerable in a community where the mob is as excitable and fickle as that of Iraq. Critics of the British Government's course would in many cases have been the first to jibe at it if it had refused the deal and General Kassem had afterwards encountered disaster. Politics provides options of difficulties quite as often as war. I have no doubt that the British Government has taken the better course on this occasion. I have not predicted, and do not intend to predict, that it will have the effect of permitting General Kassem, in the words of Mr. Profumo in the House of Commons, "to maintain an independent line of action, which is what he says he wishes to do."

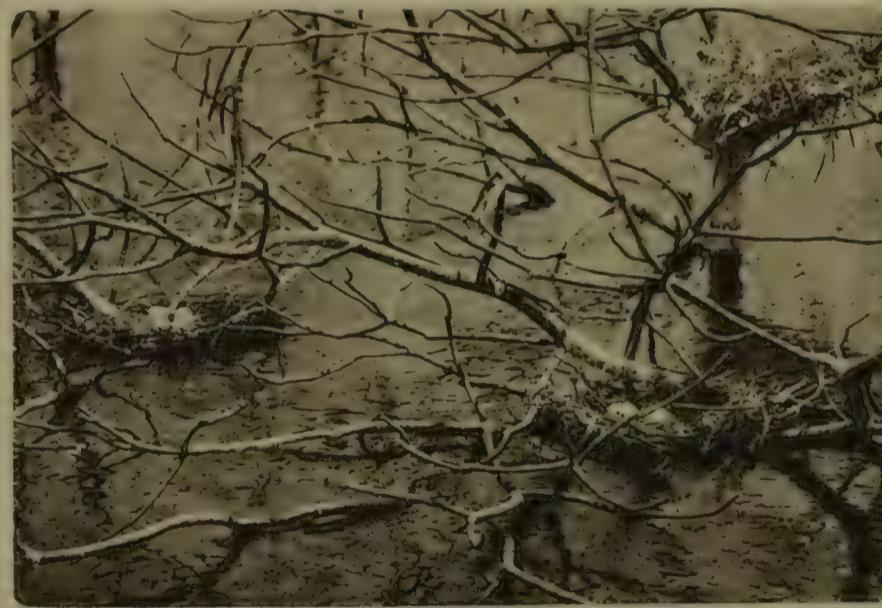
A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



MAROONED BY THE RISING WATERS OF KARIBA LAKE: DARTERS IN THEIR NESTS WITH YOUNG IN TREES WHICH, INCH BY INCH, ARE DISAPPEARING UNDER THE WATER.



MANY ANIMALS HAVE ALREADY BEEN RESCUED FROM THE ISLANDS WHICH FORM AND PRESENTLY DISAPPEAR; AND THESE THREE TORTOISES WERE AMONG THE LUCKY ONES.



INEVITABLY DOOMED: NESTS OF DARTERS WITH A FULL CLUTCH OF EGGS, ALREADY WATERLOGGED AND SOON TO DISAPPEAR FOR EVER AS THE LAKE RISES.

KARIBA LAKE. SOME ASPECTS OF "OPERATION NOAH."

From an engineering point of view, and from the economic likewise, the construction of the huge Kariba Dam is expected to prove a triumph; but the resultant lake which is building up behind it is drastically changing the landscape, converting a densely-wooded valley into a lake which will eventually be some 200 miles long and 50 miles wide in parts. This, of course, is tragically altering the habitat of a vast variety of wild life; and all manner of animals are being marooned on islands which presently appear in the waters and eventually disappear beneath them, while rich feeding-grounds dwindle and are then submerged. Energetic rescue operations, generally known as "Operation Noah," have been undertaken on both sides of the river, but these are short of funds and confronted with an immense task.

NORTHERN NIGERIA. THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL VISIT.

On May 13 the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, who are representing the Queen at the self-government celebrations of Northern Nigeria, reached Kano in a *Britannia* aircraft early in the morning and were greeted there by the Emir of Kano. After various visits and ceremonies there, they flew on in a *Heron* to Kaduna, where they were greeted by the Governor, Sir Gawain Bell, and the Premier of Northern Nigeria, the Sardauna of Sokoto. Thence they drove the six miles to Government House along a route lined with brilliantly-dressed people with horses and camels, while Hausa warriors waved swords and shouted battle-cries in greeting. Some 10,000 people had converged on Kaduna for the durbar arranged for May 15, which was to be the climax of a week of national rejoicing. On May 27 the Duke and Duchess will be arriving at Enugu, in the Eastern Region.



IN THE EMIR'S RESIDENCE IN KANO: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (LEFT) AND THE DUCHESS (RIGHT) LISTEN AS THE EMIR OF KANO READS AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME.



THE EMIR OF KANO (RIGHT) GREETED THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AT KANO AIRPORT WHEN THEY ARRIVED TO REPRESENT THE QUEEN AT THE CELEBRATIONS.



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER SHAKING HANDS WITH MEMBERS OF THE KANO NATIVE AUTHORITY COUNCIL. (RIGHT) THE EMIR, SIR MOHAMMEDU SANÙSI.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



WEST BERLIN. THE SCENE AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ENDING OF THE SOVIET AIR BLOCKADE OF THE CITY IN 1949.

On May 12, the tenth anniversary of the lifting of the Soviet air blockade was celebrated at the airlift memorial in West Berlin. The ceremony was attended by sixty-five British and American relatives of the seventy-six airmen who lost their lives in the airlift. Among the guests was Earl Attlee.



TOKYO. THREE JAPANESE EX-SOLDIERS LEAVING TOKYO FOR THE PHILIPPINE ISLAND OF LUBANG, WHERE TWO OF THEIR FORMER COMRADES BELIEVE THE WAR IS STILL ON. For the past fourteen years a Japanese lieutenant and sergeant have refused to surrender on the Philippine Island of Lubang, in the firm belief that the war is not over. The three ex-soldiers will broadcast tape-recorded messages from the families of the two men.



ROME. ON MAY 10, THE CORPSES OF POPE ST. PIUS X AND OF ST. GIOVANNI BOSCO WERE CARRIED IN A SOLEMN PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS OF ROME TO ST. PETER'S. THE BODY OF THE LATE POPE HAD BEEN BROUGHT FROM VENICE AND THAT OF ST. GIOVANNI BOSCO FROM THE SACRO CUORE CHURCH, IN ROME.



PARIS. AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW SCOTTISH KIRK: OFFICERS OF SCOTTISH REGIMENTS CARRYING FLAGS INTO THE CHURCH AT THE CEREMONY.

On May 10, the new Scottish Presbyterian Church near the Champs Elysées was inaugurated by Dr. Fraser. The church, which can seat 200, stands on the site of a pre-war church. Its foundation-stone was laid in April 1957 by the Queen Mother.



ANTARCTICA. TRAPPED OFF THE BISCOE ISLANDS: THE BRITISH SUPPLY SHIP, JOHN BISCOE, IN THE FIRM GRIP OF ICE.

The British supply ship, the *John Biscoe*, 1584 tons, is pictured here trapped in the ice off the Biscoe Islands, with a helicopter on her port bow. The 3000-ton Royal Navy ice patrol ship *Protector*, which arrived in Portsmouth on May 12, brought back the helicopter and two men. The patrol ship was on duty as guard ship to the Falkland Islands Dependencies.



ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA. FOR UNDERWATER TRIPS IN DISNEYLAND: A NEW SUBMARINE EMERGING FROM BENEATH A WATERFALL ON ITS TEST RUN.

This novel submarine is the first of eight specially designed to carry thirty-eight passengers, who will be able to view hundreds of strange fish, sea serpents and sunken treasure. Each submarine will be air-conditioned and 50 ft. in length. Each passenger will have a porthole.



BRUNEI. BEING BURNED AS WASTE: A GREAT FLAME OF SURPLUS GAS LIGHTS UP THE NIGHT SKY IN BRUNEI.

For reasons of economy, 1,750,000 cub. ft. of gas must be burned every day at the Shell Petroleum Company's oilfield at Seria. The surplus gas, a by-product, cannot find a local market and the absence of a deep-water harbour prevents its being sold at an economic price. The gas consists mainly of methane, ethane and propane.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



BEFORE RIDING ON TO THE POLO FIELD IN THE GROUNDS OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE, TOKYO: THE DAKYU PLAYERS STAND IN READINESS.



AN ATTACK ON THE GOAL—WHICH IS THE HOLE IN THE CENTRE BOARD. THE BALL IS CARRIED IN THE NET OF THE STICK.

JAPAN. DAKYU: THE ANCIENT AND EXCITING FORM OF POLO STILL PLAYED IN TOKYO.

DAKYU is the Japanese form of polo; here it is being played in the grounds of the Imperial Palace at the eleventh Tokyo horse show. Its exact age and the date of introduction into Japan are extremely uncertain. There are two teams, each with four riders, and they all wear the costumes traditional to the sport. The object of the game is to pick up the ball in the crook of a bamboo cane that is covered in net, so that the stick is more like a lacrosse stick than the stick used in [Continued below, right.]



(Right.)
HERE THE CENTRE HORSEMAN HAS LOBBED THE BALL TO THE GOAL. IT CAN JUST BE SEEN ABOUT TO ENTER THE HOLE.



ONE OF THE DAKYU PLAYERS DISPLAYING THE TRADITIONAL COSTUME OF THE GAME AND HOLDING THE STICK IN WHICH THE BALL IS CARRIED. HE WEARS SILKEN BREECHES AND A RICHLY-EMBROIDERED JACKET.



THE UNUSUAL SADDLE USED IN DAKYU, WHICH IS MADE OF WOOD. THE PONY IS PROTECTED BY LEATHER FLAPS AGAINST HARM, AND THE STIRRUPS ALLOW FREE LEG MOVEMENT.

Continued.] India and the West with its mallet-head. Then the attacking side try to carry it to their opponents' end and there drop it through a hole in an upright wooden board. The defenders try to intercept them and knock the ball on to the ground. Each game is played for fifteen minutes. The traditional costume is very elaborate for such violent exercise, as it includes a silken pair of riding breeches, a three-quarter-length jacket and a Nepalese-style hat. Also the harness is much heavier than that used in the West, as the saddles are made of wood and are heavily lacquered in colours. The speed of the game makes it very exciting, especially when the players are practised and skilful.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



SEVENTY MILES FROM THE COAST TO BRUSSELS WITH SCARCELY A BEND OR INTERSECTION: PART OF THE MOTORWAY, SHOWING A FLY-OVER INCLUDED IN THE NEW DEVELOPMENT SCHEME.

BELGIUM.
A HUGE ROAD SCHEME.

IN one of the most intensive road-development schemes ever known, Belgium is in the process of being equipped with 580 miles of new roadway. Some of it was ready for the World Fair of 1958, and included a motorway linking the coastal port of Ostend with Brussels, the capital; 70 miles, with scarcely a bend, and without a café, an intersection, or even a cyclist. One can drive straight to Brussels without taking one's foot off the accelerator; and once there, a system of elaborate fly-overs and dive-unders makes it possible to move from one side of the city to the other without becoming involved in traffic-jams.



PART OF THE £130,000,000 SCHEME WHICH WILL EVENTUALLY GIVE BELGIUM 580 MILES OF NEW MOTORWAYS: THE ALMOST STRAIGHT ROAD FROM OSTEND TO THE CAPITAL.



NO LIGHTS NEEDED UNDERGROUND: PART OF THE BRUSSELS ROAD TUNNEL WHICH INCLUDES AN ELABORATE TRAM STATION BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST OF ITS KIND.



ABOVE THE TRAMCARS IN THE HEART OF BRUSSELS: THE THREE-LANE FLY-OVER WHICH STRETCHES FOR 1½ MILES, AND IS SUPPORTED ON 20-FT. PILES.



AT THE BEGINNING OF THE FLY-OVER: PART OF THE AMBITIOUS ROAD DEVELOPMENT SCHEME WHICH GREATLY HELPED MOTORISTS IN BRUSSELS FOR THE WORLD FAIR.

SOCIETY BETWEEN THE WARS.

"THE LIGHT OF COMMON DAY." By DIANA COOPER.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

ONE of the outstanding features of the period which immediately followed the First World War, by contrast with that which followed the Second, was the widespread attempt to return to the state of affairs which had existed before it began; this tendency was very marked in all spheres of English activity, but it was most conspicuous in what may for want of a better word be termed "Society." Not for nothing do we talk of the "Gay Twenties" when the order of the day was a return to Edwardianism, and the four years of war were dismissed as an unpleasant interlude, even if their dead were a haunting memory. It is true that disillusionment was not long in coming, first in the shape of a financial crisis, and then as the shadow of the swastika began to lengthen across the world; but for a few years joy was unconfined, and of those years Lady Diana Cooper gives a faithful account in these pages, though all the time she never allows us wholly to forget the wrath that was to come.

In many ways it was the *alpen-ghul* of the Edwardian age, and it is gone almost as if it had never existed. There was still a ruling oligarchy, and the scions of the aristocracy were still returned to the House of Commons by the votes of the working-class. The author was part and parcel of this world, and her skill with the pen brings it back to life; yet even in her pages it emerges as a somewhat pale shadow of what had gone before, for there was more flesh and blood about the real Edwardians with all their failings than about their imitators in the 'twenties of the present century. The subjects of King George V were continually trying to forget, those of his father had nothing to remember.

One of the more favourite diversions of these neo-Edwardians was the treasure-hunt, and in her affection for them Lady Diana showed herself the child of her age:

Treasure-hunts were dangerous and scandalous, but there was no sport to touch them. Carefully laid with intricacy and invention, they could be made beautiful and need knowledge and concentration to follow. A clue might lead to a darkened city court, there to find a lady in distress, with a dead duellist at her feet, who would hand the next clue through her tears. This might lead to a far plague-spot where a smallpoxed ghost would whisper a conundrum that took you to a mare's nest in Kensington Gardens, and thence a Chinese puzzle in Whitechapel. Quick thought, luck and unscrupulous driving might bring you first to the coveted prize.

On one occasion "something unique" had to be found:

I cannot remember what we found, but Michael Herbert (I can see his face, shocking-pink with pride of certain success) produced that night a coutil-busked corset belonging to Mrs. Lewis of the Cavendish Hotel, signed, cross-signed and undersigned with the names, quips and quizzes of her noble and notable clients.

Another characteristic of these neo-Edwardians was the continual interchange of presents that went on among them, for I doubt if any of the

wives of Mr. Macmillan's junior ministers could write:

Another admirer loaded me with presents and exciting surprises. An obscure clue over the telephone might lead me to an unused drawer, there to be dazzled by a birthday jewel, or to find a pair of doeskin gloves. Scent from France would be left casually on my dressing-table. Furs in the cupboard at Christmas would dumbfound me, or telegrams on summer evenings at Bognor would send me in a flutter to the station, there to pile up my car with hampers of wine and meats and fruits from Fortnum's and boxes and boxes of flowers, too many for the cottage to hold.

It is only fair to add that the author also gave as well as received.

One of the most attractive features of this book is Lady Diana's complete candour about herself, for it is written with complete sincerity, and she makes no secret of the fact that she posed in the nude in the German Embassy in London to be photographed by the Ambassador's wife; thus she fully realised that she was living a somewhat frivolous and aimless existence at this later period of her life, and she described it in a letter to a friend as "this *âge dangereux* wallowing state.



LADY COOPER'S DRAWING OF CHICAGO, WHICH SHE MADE WHILE ON TOUR WITH THE TRIUMPHANT REINHARDT PRODUCTION OF "THE MIRACLE."

which drags me into a futile, useless, and undignified way of living." The friend replied with equal candour, "I don't think you'll ever have men friends who don't make love to you, and if you did I don't think you'd like them." However, as the 'twenties passed into the 'thirties a much more serious note begins to appear: her husband was one of the first to appreciate the growing menace of the Third Reich, and at an early date he communicated his fears to her. She also became a mother, and even the most cursory glance through this book will leave the reader in no doubt as to what that meant in her life.

In consequence a different set of people make their appearance in the later chapters from those whom we meet in the earlier ones, and the author's comments upon them are always shrewd, and often amusing; for example, she says of Colonel Beck, the Polish statesman, "There must be more to the Colonel than I can see, for I saw nothing but an Ancient Pistol, and a weak tipsy Pistol at that. He repeated himself with the persistence of a cuckoo, and waved his tail with peacock vanity."

The Duff Coopers were among the guests taken by King Edward VIII when he made his now memorable cruise in the Mediterranean in the *Nahlin* wher. Mrs. Simpson was also on board: they had known the King intimately for some time, and had stayed with him at Fort Belvedere soon after he succeeded to the throne. Of a visit to Windsor about this time Lady Diana writes:

The servants are a bit hobbledehoy because H.M. wants to be free of comptrollers and secretaries and equerries, so no one trains them. Last night one brought in the evening paper which carried something about the Ascot Enclosure coming to an end, and said "Lord Granard (mispronounced) has just telephoned to ask Your Majesty if you know anythink at all about it?" "Well, I must say," said the King, "I call that the top!! I really can't have messages of that kind. Can you see King George having that asked him?"



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: LADY DIANA COOPER, AS THE NUN IN "THE MIRACLE."

Lady Diana Cooper (Diana, Viscountess Norwich) is the third daughter of the eighth Duke of Rutland. In 1919 she married Alfred Duff Cooper, later the first Viscount Norwich, who died in 1954. During World War I Lady Diana was a nurse at Guy's Hospital. She has been renowned for her beauty for many years. On and off for twelve years she took the leading part in "The Miracle," which triumphantly toured the United States under the production of Max Reinhardt. The first volume of her autobiography, "The Rainbow Comes and Goes," appeared last year.



THE AUTHOR POSING FOR JO DAVIDSON, THE SCULPTOR, WHO MADE A BUST OF HER AS THE MADONNA: AN ILLUSTRATION FROM THE SECOND VOLUME OF LADY DIANA COOPER'S REMINISCENCES.

These illustrations from the book "The Light of Common Day" are reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Rupert Hart-Davis.

It is clear from the author's narrative that there has been much exaggeration concerning what happened on the cruise, though it is difficult to resist the conclusion that there was a good deal of what many people would call rather bad taste, and there can be no doubt that the whole business was something of an embarrassment to King George II of the Hellenes, for it was in Greek waters that much of the voyage took place.

Yet when all is said and done we are back where we began, for the main interest of this book is not the account of this or that event, or the description of this or that person, but in the general picture which it presents of a certain aspect of social life

in the upper classes between the wars. The first chapter shows the author with "a high heart" setting out for the United States, where she was to appear in a revival of "The Miracle," and the last chapter closes with the wail of the sirens which ushered in the Second World War. Of the intervening period this is a valuable account of the lives lived by the Duff Coopers and their friends, though how far it was typical of even their own class is another matter. However this may be, we shall all look forward to read in the third volume of Lady Diana's reminiscences how they fared, and what they thought, in the stormy years which lay ahead of them that September morning close on twenty years ago.

* "The Light of Common Day." By Diana Cooper. Illustrated. (Rupert Hart-Davis; £1 5s.)



A CABINET-MAKER to George I was the otherwise unknown James Moore, whose firm was Moore and Gumley. It so happens that there exists an account to the Crown for the period from August 1714 to Michaelmas 1715 in which the following item appears: "a table and stand with Indian tops and the frames finely carved and gilt." The word "Indian" is frequently used, especially in the last part of the 17th and the beginning of the 18th centuries, in connection with furniture, and a quarter of a century ago led some people to the conclusion that a great deal of English furniture (so called) was, in fact, manufactured in India to English designs, much as the Chinese manufactured armorial china for the English market from about 1700 onwards. This ingenious theory, though supported at the time by a host of documentary references, failed to command support for the simple reason that it was soon realised that when our ancestors spoke of "Indian" they were referring to pretty well anything which came from the East, whether Chinese, Japanese, or what you will.

They were vague about geography in any case, and as much Chinese and Japanese lacquer and ceramics came as far as India in Chinese or Arab ships and was then re-shipped to the vessels of the East India Company, it is easy to see how the misuse of the term came about. Indeed, we still make the same error in speaking of Coromandel screens. These are Chinese lacquer screens, but as they were trans-shipped on the Coromandel coast of India, importers labelled them in this way, and the term has withstood the changes of about three centuries.

A few weeks ago the Victoria and Albert Museum bought the Japanese black lacquer cabinet shown here on its gilded wood stand, and puts up a very good case for identifying it with the piece of furniture described in the account rendered by Moore and Gumley. It came from St. Osyth's Priory, Essex, the seat of the Earls of Rochford, and according to family tradition was acquired as a perquisite of office by William Henry, fourth Earl of Rochford, first Lord of the Bedchamber and Groom of the Stole to George II, on the death of that monarch in 1760. On the death of the king the whole of the furnishings of the Royal bedchamber used to become the perquisite of the first Lord of the Bedchamber. George II died at Kensington Palace; therefore it is presumed that the cabinet was there in 1760. About 1715 James Moore supplied a suite of furniture for Hampton Court Palace which is of a very similar design to the stand of this cabinet.

Indeed, the stand repeats exactly the design of one of the tables in the Hampton Court suite, with the exception that a shell takes the place of the Royal arms on the apron. Altogether pretty convincing. The odd thing about the upper part, however, is the interior of the cabinet. Both Japanese and Chinese exported such things in quantity during the last part of the 17th century, but the interior was invariably filled with a series of lacquered drawers, decorated *en suite* with the exterior panels. In this case the interior is lined with walnut veneers, and there are six oak drawers in place of the normal Far Eastern arrangement.

The Museum suggests that Moore removed the interior and substituted the oak drawers and

lined the cabinet with walnut. I'm not arguing, but would venture to suggest another possibility—that there never was an arrangement of drawers inside, but that the exterior panels had been imported flat together with their engraved metal hinges and lock plates, and that Moore, given the skeleton, provided it with the interior organs, as it were, in the best way known to him. I have a theory—which I cannot prove—that a great deal of Oriental lacquer was imported in this manner in order to save space on board ship. When we send motor-cars to Australia we crate them in sections and assemble them there; I suggest that our ancestors two centuries-and-a-half ago sometimes had sufficient common sense to make similar arrangements for importations. I await some devastating documentary proof to show that I am talking nonsense.

Nonsense or no, there is no question about the beautiful quality of the lacquer panels, nor of their origin—they are as different from the clumsy European imitations as can be imagined. Another thing renders the piece as a whole specially attractive, and

lined the cabinet with walnut. I'm not arguing, but would venture to suggest another possibility—that there never was an arrangement of drawers inside, but that the exterior panels had been imported flat together with their engraved metal hinges and lock plates, and that Moore, given the skeleton, provided it with the interior organs, as it were, in the best way known to him. I have a

and James II—intricate baroque carving was wholly out of place in combination with the rectangular structure of these cabinets, though the intention was merely to pay the lacquer the compliment of the best we could produce.

Another furniture acquisition, this time by the Manchester Art Gallery for Heaton Hall, is recorded in this year's report of the National Art Collections Fund, covering the activities of 1958; the Fund contributed £600 of the £2350 paid for a somewhat clumsy piece, which is an example of satinwood inlaid with various woods, and can be compared with a lacquered commode at Nostell Priory, of nearly similar dimensions, which was supplied by Chippendale in 1771. The shaped top is cross-banded and inlaid with honeysuckle garlands united by ribbon ties; there are inlaid garlands in the frieze and fluted oval *patera* on the cupboard doors. The legs are turned and rest on ormolu feet in the shape of inverted palm-leaf capitals. Nice features are the concave sides, which require the two short drawers at each end of the frieze to be slightly curved outwards; the same

applies to the two cupboards beneath them. The two pilasters—one at each corner—are of ormolu cast in the form of *patera* and surmounted by rams' head capitals.

Unless you have this annual report in front of you it is difficult to realise what a part this voluntary organisation plays, first by word and secondly by deed—by which I mean hard cash—in keeping worthwhile works of art in this country. Gifts made through it, or part payments made by it, for acquisitions for the National Gallery, the Tate, or other London museums, generally receive an adequate amount of publicity at the time. What we don't hear much about are the purchases made by, or for, the provinces; the Fund is invariably ready to help, provided the city or town concerned shows itself willing to shoulder some part of the burden.

Thus, to turn over the pages of the report at random, here is Ipswich buying a Gainsborough portrait for £625, with the Fund supplying £400; Bolton buys a fine drawing by Rowlandson of



SHOWING THE INTERIOR OF THE SAME CABINET, WITH ITS WALNUT LINING AND OAK DRAWERS, BOTH PROBABLY ADDED BY JAMES MOORE. THE STAND CLOSELY RESEMBLES THE DESIGN OF A TABLE IN A SUITE OF FURNITURE AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE, WHICH WAS ALSO MADE BY MOORE.

that is the elegance of the stand by comparison with the complicated monstrosities which were the fashion a generation earlier. This table by Moore has the merit of clean, simple lines and has a key-fret pattern which is vaguely Chinese; cabinet and stand do, in fact, make a successful marriage, very different from the disastrous mésalliances of the reigns of Charles II

the fish quays of Amsterdam—the cost is £1134, of which the Fund's contribution is £250; in the same way, it provided £600 out of the £1900 paid by Hull for a Hogarth, £100 out of the £110 paid by Chester for an early 19th-century view of the city, and £500 out of the £1000 paid by Belfast for a Lawrence portrait of the Countess of Belfast.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

TWO UNUSUAL PIECES.



WITH ITS EXCEPTIONALLY FINE BLACK LACQUER PANELS: THE JAPANESE CABINET DESCRIBED BY FRANK DAVIS, SHOWN CLOSED, WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN ACQUIRED BY THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM. IT RESTS ON AN ELEGANT GILDED WOOD STAND, PROBABLY MADE BY JAMES MOORE, c. 1715. THE CABINET IS A LITTLE EARLIER. (3 ft. 5 ins. high.)

IN A LONDON GALLERY: VAN GOYEN, GRIFFIER, GUARDI AND OTHER MASTERS.



"RIVER LANDSCAPE," BY SALOMON VAN RUYSDAEL (c. 1600-1670): A CALM AND BEAUTIFUL STUDY, DATED 1644. (Oil on panel: 21 by 33½ ins.)

AN interesting and well-balanced exhibition of thirty-five Old Master paintings is now at the Leonard Koetser Gallery, 13, Duke Street, St. James's. The *pièce de résistance* is a small newly-discovered work by Franz Hals, called "The Shrimp Girl," a night scene, with the moonlight falling on to the face of the girl, which carries an expression [Continued below.]



"RIVER LANDSCAPE WITH A FARM," ONE OF THREE PAINTINGS BY RUYSDAEL'S GREAT CONTEMPORARY JAN VAN GOYEN (1596-1656). (Oil on panel: 7½ by 13½ ins.)



"BARGES BE CALMED," A RARE NAUTICAL SCENE BY JAN VAN OS (1744-1808), BETTER KNOWN FOR HIS FLOWER STUDIES. (Oil on canvas: 21½ by 27½ ins.)

Continued.] of jaunty self-confidence. Three small works by Jan van Goyen are equally delightful. Besides the river scene illustrated here, there are two round panels, only 6 ins. in diameter, portraying winter and summer. Of the two, "Winter" is a particularly fine composition. Another distinguished Dutch landscape painter of the same period, Salomon van [Continued below, right.]



"CAPRICCIO," ONE OF A PAIR OF WONDERFULLY FRESH AND LIVELY STUDIES BY THE VENETIAN PAINTER FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-1793). (Oil on panel: 7½ by 9½ ins.)



"SUMMER LANDSCAPE," THE SECOND OF THE PAIR OF PAINTINGS BY THE DUTCH ARTIST JAN GRIFFIER. (Oil on panel: 20½ by 24½ ins.)



"WINTER LANDSCAPE," A DECORATIVE AND AMUSING PAINTING BY JAN GRIFFIER (1645-1718): ONE OF A PAIR OF MOSELLE SCENES IN THE CURRENT EXHIBITION AT THE LEONARD KOETSER GALLERY. (Oil on panel: 20½ by 24½ ins.)

Continued.] Ruysdael, is represented by a typically tranquil river-scene with fishermen. Among other Netherlandish pictures are: a rare nautical scene by Jan van Os; a naive and entertaining winter scene by Jacob Grimmer; a decorative pair by Jan Griffier; a remarkably handsome flowerpiece with shells by the elder Bosschaert; and three virtuoso still-lifes, one by Claesz, one by Heda, and one—especially lavish—by van Beyer. Some very fine paintings are from Italy. Of these a huge "Shipping in the Bacino di San Marco" is by Mariachi, with details possibly by Canaletto: and as a contrast in size there are two superb and very small "Capriccios" by Guardi. Of the French paintings one of the most interesting is a study of narcissi which one would unhesitatingly claim as by Fantin-Latour, until one notices the initials of his wife at the bottom right. The exhibition closes on May 30.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

A NEWISH PRIMULA AND OTHER PLANTS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

ALTHOUGH I do not know exactly when *Primula "Garryarde Guinevere"* first made its appearance in public I feel pretty certain that it is a relatively new, or newish, variety. I feel, however, that the plant has come to stay, and that it will gradually become a much-grown and popular favourite, for the plant has many virtues. Its constitution is sound as a bell, it is easy to grow, and it blossoms with the wildest profusion.

"Guinevere" belongs to the polyanthus primrose tribe, yet is quite unlike any other polyanthus that I have ever seen. Perhaps the most distinctive thing about it is the colour of the leaves and the leaf-stems. They are tinged with a subtle wash of beetroot-red, whilst the flower stems and the calyces have the same reddish colour in a stronger, deeper tone.

The flowers, carried in heads of ten or a dozen or so, are a delicate lilac-pink with a central five-pointed eye of yolk-of-egg yellow. The individual blossoms are not remarkable for size, but they are produced in such abundance as to hide almost entirely the dusky foliage, and one could almost wish that the strange reddish leaves were given a better chance of contrasting with the delicate lilac-pink sheaf of blossom above.

Flowering in my garden at the same time as *Primula "Garryarde Guinevere"* but some distance away, there is a fine spread of the double-flowered cuckoo flower, *Cardamine palustris* fl. pl., and it occurred to me that these two plants, if grown close to one another, would make a charming picture, an enchanting colour harmony. They do. I gathered a head of blossom of each, and side by side in a vase they convinced me that here was a discovery which I must most certainly put into practice for next spring. I shall make generous plantings of these two, side by side, and perhaps in such a way that the drifts will intermix, slightly, where they meet.

It might be that these two good plants would be effective if planted in complete mixture. It is surprising, and a sad pity, that the double-flowered cuckoo flower is not better known, and more grown among amateur gardeners, for it is a charming thing, in a quiet, modest way, and no trouble at all. The blossoms, being completely double, are incapable of producing any seeds, but it has got over this difficulty by developing another method of self-reproduction. It drops its leaves on the surrounding soil, and there they send out roots, and soon

form complete young plants, which flower the following spring. Its common name, cuckoo flower, is most appropriate, for here, at any rate, it always comes into flower in time to coincide with the familiar and nostalgic song of the newly-arrived cuckoos—if it could be honestly called a song.

In fact, it is more like a somewhat monotonous street cry. And how appropriate is Shakespeare's allusion when he says the song "mocks married men" when the bird lays its eggs in other birds' nests, leaving the owners to incubate them, and later foster-mother the young cuckoo, who has a rude and brutal way of pushing the rightful young birds out of the nest, so that they fall to the ground, there to perish from neglect and starvation. No, the cuckoo is not a nice sort of bird, though its cry, coming at what is perhaps the

loveliest time of all the year, is always eagerly looked forward to, and by association of ideas and atmosphere, is enjoyed as one of the most welcome, if not the most beautiful, of all bird songs of the season.

Flowering at about the same time as the cuckoo flower there is the lesser celandine, *Ranunculus ficaria*. The first appearance of its varnished golden blossoms never fails to thrill—me, at any rate—though many gardeners regard the plant as a weed and a pest. But its above-ground season is a gay yet brief one. Soon after its flowers have faded, the whole display, leaves and flowers, disappears completely, and no more is seen of *ficaria* until the following spring. The plant has produced several interesting and attractive varieties. There is a giant form, of which the great William Robinson gave me roots many years ago and that to my regret I somehow lost after enjoying it for several seasons. Then, too, there is a double-flowered variety, which is flowering just now in my garden. The blossoms are very decidedly double, and have a neat and most attractive appearance, and as it produces no seeds, it may be regarded as a reasonably safe plant in the garden. I have it flowering now, two colonies, in a bed on the north side of my house. A few days ago my son showed me flowers of celandine, quite normal in every way, except for colour. Instead of the normal buttercup-gold, they were a most attractive butter-yellow.



"A NEWISH VARIETY . . . EASY TO GROW, AND IT BLOSSOMS WITH THE WILDEST PROFUSION": *PRIMULA "GARRYARDE GUINEVERE,"* OF WHICH THE FLOWERS, ALMOST CONCEALING REDDISH FOLIAGE, ARE "A DELICATE LILAC-PINK WITH A CENTRAL FIVE-POINTED EYE OF YOLK-OF-EGG YELLOW."

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the events and personalities of the day. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department. For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

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which is coming up strongly in my garden is the Leopard Orchid, *Orchis pardanthe*. I collected a specimen of it some years ago, and it settled in with great willingness, and has now started to increase, and is this year pushing up no fewer than five shoots for flowering. It is a handsome thing, with leaves heavily spotted with purple, and later a fine big spike of purple flowers. It grows to a height of about 18 ins.

I was sorry to see, recently, that a roadside colony of the beautiful milkwort, *Polygala calcarea*, growing in a little shallow disused gravel-pit not far from where I live, is being rapidly exterminated. The county council—I suppose it is—is filling up the depression, which has been the haunt of many interesting and beautiful wild flowers, including the milkwort. Last year I came upon a white-flowered form of it, of which I now have a portion established in my garden. It has beauty, but is not more beautiful than the brilliant blue type.

THREE IMPORTANT
FLEMISH PANELS
FOR SCOTLAND.

(Left.)
ONE OF THE THREE PANELS BY GERARD DAVID (c. 1460-1523), PURCHASED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND, SHOWING THE NEWLY-BORN ST. NICHOLAS THANKING GOD FOR GIVING HIM LIFE. (22 by 13½ ins.)

THE National Gallery of Scotland has made its most important acquisition for four years in purchasing three panels by Gerard David (c. 1460-1523) representing scenes from the life of St. Nicholas, at a cost of £52,000. They are from the collection of Mr. C. L. Loyd, and have been purchased through Thos. Agnew and Sons. These panels, together with three others showing scenes from the life of St. Anthony which have been acquired by the Toledo Art Museum, Ohio, U.S.A., were originally part of an altarpiece painted by David between 1495 and 1500.

This consisted, apart from these six panels, of a large central panel showing the Virgin and Child and St. Anne, flanked by two others depicting St. Nicholas and St. Anthony, now in the National Gallery of Washington. A detail of the "St. Nicholas" panel is illustrated on this page, together with the three acquired by Scotland.



ST. NICHOLAS GIVING AWAY HIS WEALTH TO PROVIDE A DOWRY FOR THE THREE DAUGHTERS OF A POOR NOBLEMAN: ANOTHER OF THE THREE PANELS WHICH HAVE COST £52,000. (22 by 13½ ins.)



ST. NICHOLAS: A DETAIL OF A DIFFERENT PANEL BY DAVID, ORIGINALLY FROM THE SAME ALTARPIECE AND NOW IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WASHINGTON. THE ALTARPIECE CONSISTED OF THREE CENTRAL PANELS AND SIX OTHERS.

(Left.) ST. NICHOLAS RESTORING TO LIFE THREE BOYS KILLED FOR FOOD DURING A FAMINE: PROBABLY THE FINEST OF THE THREE PANELS REPRESENTING SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF ST. NICHOLAS. (22 by 13½ ins.)



MILLIONS OF DOLLARS' WORTH ON THE SCRAP HEAP: A NIGHTMARE-LIKE SCENE OF PILED-UP THUNDERJET SHELLS—ONE OF MANY AT THE ARIZONA OBSOLETE AIRCRAFT BASE.

This scene—which looks like an airfield-controller's nightmare—and those reproduced on page 884 were photographed at the Davis-Monthan Base near Tucson, Arizona—the point to which all obsolete or obsolescent aircraft of the U.S. Armed Forces are sent for their last judgment—whether they have another useful life, or whether they must be scrapped. For many years it has been a

standard joke in armed forces throughout the world that weapons are obsolete as soon as they are issued. Nowhere is this more nearly true than in the field of military aircraft, which are fantastically costly to develop and difficult to produce, extravagant to operate and maintain, with extremely short effective life—and absolutely essential to have. A most striking example of this is

the case of the huge B-52 bomber, which is now being scrapped and on its way to Arizona. This aircraft went on the drawing boards in 1941 and was first delivered to the U.S.A.F. in 1947. By 1954, when production ended in the summer, more than 300 had been produced at a cost of about 3,000,000 dollars each. It was not used in the Korean War and, in fact, the B-52 has never

dropped a bomb in combat. Its critics, indeed, maintained that the model was obsolete before it was finished. It is considered to have justified its expense as being the only bomber capable of flying from the U.S. to Russia and back without refuelling, and therefore constituting a most powerful deterrent to aggressors. The engines of the B-52 can however be used for *Globemasters* or *C-97s*.

AIRCRAFT INTO THE MELTING POT: A U.S.A.F. LIMBO IN ARIZONA.



APPARENTLY A COMBAT AIRFIELD IN A STATE OF MAXIMUM READINESS—IN FACT, THE FIRST DUMPING GROUND OF ALL OBSOLETE AIRCRAFT OF THE U.S. AIR FORCE—IN ARIZONA.

AT the Davis-Monthan Air Force Base near Tucson, Arizona, stand, sometimes piled on top of each other (see pages 882-883), hundreds and hundreds of military aircraft which cost millions and millions of dollars to produce. All are obsolete or, at best, obsolescent. When it is decided that an aircraft or a type of aircraft no longer has a place in the system of the Armed Forces, it is sent to this base—which, with its dry, calm climate, is an excellent storage place. Here its possibilities of further useful life are considered. Perhaps a few aircraft discarded by one service may be required by another or by some Government agency, such as the Weather Bureau or the Forest Service. Next, other countries may receive an allocation; and outmoded models may be sent to various institutions for training or display purposes. After this the general public are free to purchase at prices decided by the Air Material Command. Those that still remain are scrapped or "cannibalised." An obsolete model, for example, may have non-obsolete engines; but the remaining hard core is then sold for scrap and metal recovery, aluminium being the principal final result.

(Right.)

AND WHAT, IN THE END, DO THEY ALL BOIL DOWN TO? ALUMINIUM INGOTS. A SINGLE B-36 BOMBER PRODUCES, FOR EXAMPLE, 43,000 LB. OF ALUMINIUM AND OTHER SCRAP METAL.



TWO NEW GUNS DEMONSTRATED.



AN EXPERIMENTAL SELF-PROPELLED GUN: THE WELL-KNOWN 5.5-IN. PIECE MOUNTED ON A CENTURION TANK CHASSIS WITH A LARGE SPADE TO INCREASE STABILITY.



DEMONSTRATING THE ITALIAN 105-MM. HOWITZER AT LARKHILL, WILTSHIRE: A GUN DETACHMENT CHANGING IT FROM THE ANTI-TANK POSITION.



RAISED ON "LEGS" FOR SUPER-ELEVATION FIRING IN HILLY COUNTRY: THE 105-MM. HOWITZER WHICH IS LIGHT AND VERY ADAPTABLE.

THE School of Artillery at Larkhill, Salisbury Plain, on May 11 gave the first of three demonstrations to 2000 spectators, including Cabinet Ministers, Ambassadors and Military Attachés. Much interest was aroused by the new Italian howitzer, which is a light transportable weapon with a range of 14,000 yards and which is intended to replace the old 4.2 mortar. Its adaptability is shown by its two roles; first as an anti-tank gun it is lowered and provided with special ammunition, and, secondly, for normal artillery support it is raised and uses standard N.A.T.O. 105-mm. ammunition. It is planned to train gunner units of the strategic reserve on these howitzers which can be airborne for rapid conveyance in an emergency. The new self-propelled 5.5-in. gun mounted on a Centurion chassis was also shown.

THE FOREIGN MINISTERS AT GENEVA.

ON May 11 the Foreign Ministers of the U.S.A., Russia, France and the United Kingdom began their talks in the Palais des Nations, Geneva, after much preliminary parrying on the question of participants and procedure. This meeting itself is intended to clear the ground especially on the question of Germany, in preparation for a Summit meeting later in the year. Mr. Gromyko is representing Russia, Mr. Herter the United States, M. Couve de Murville France, and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd the United Kingdom, while the East and West German delegations are acting as observers with the United Nations Secretariat in attendance. This is Mr. Herter's first big task since he took over from Mr. Dulles as Secretary of State. This meeting is taking place in Geneva at the same time as the conference on nuclear tests.



THE U.S. DELEGATION AT THE FIRST SITTING IN GENEVA: MR. HERTER, THE SECRETARY OF STATE, IS IN THE CENTRE.



THE RUSSIAN DELEGATION READY FOR THE DISCUSSIONS: THEY ARE HEADED BY MR. GROMYKO, THE RUSSIAN FOREIGN MINISTER.



MR. SELWYN LLOYD (RIGHT), THE BRITISH FOREIGN MINISTER, WHO WAS CHAIRMAN OF THE FIRST SESSION, SPEAKING TO A MEMBER OF HIS DELEGATION.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

TADPOLES AND THEIR OWN SURVIVAL.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

OUR common frog lays numerous eggs, a single female depositing anything from one to four thousand. At least, so we are told by those who with a rare patience make a practice of counting them. No doubt frogs throughout the world are similarly given to performing such feats. There is therefore nothing extraordinary in the habits of this particular frog, either in relation to its own kind or as compared with other animals that lay prodigious numbers. One hundred thousand, 200,000, even millions of eggs are laid by a single female of a number of species, in the course of one season. The record seems to be held by the American oyster with 500,000,000. But, again, I am relying on those patient and statistically-minded people, for I have never counted them myself.

Such an enormous reproductive output has one result: it ensures a steady continuance of the population of every species, so that as a rule there are neither steep rises nor sharp falls in numbers. This means that remarkably few of the offspring reach maturity. To take the European common frog (*Rana temporaria*) as an example, we know that it does not breed until three years old, although exceptional individuals have been known to do so at two years. We know also that a frog has lived to the age of twelve years, under the favourable conditions of captivity, but the probability is that in the wild, few reach more than six years. If we take, theoretically, an average life-span of six years, and an average annual output of eggs per female as 2500, then we have 7500 eggs for the lifetime of each breeding pair. And of these only two need to survive to the average span of life to keep the population steady. In short, the survival rate of the frogs' progeny needs to be no more than about 0.003 per cent. of the total of eggs laid. In other species, where the total of eggs laid each year is vastly greater, the percentage of survival necessary to keep the species steady in numbers is correspondingly smaller, to the point where it is an infinitesimal fraction of 1 per cent.

All this is commonplace knowledge, and we usually dismiss it with the comment that this form of egg-laying is highly wasteful. But to say this is to neglect the ecology of reproduction. The word "ecology" is on the way to becoming a household word. It means the total relation of a plant or animal to its surroundings. And the ecology of the tadpole is worth a second thought.

When the eggs are first laid they sink, but as they do so, water is being absorbed into a coat surrounding each egg, and this swells as a consequence to a jelly-like envelope, making the eggs buoyant and bringing them to the surface again. This envelope consists of 99.7 per cent. of water. But it is a true solid and does not allow of convection currents. Consequently, heat reaching the egg at its centre, from the radiant heat of the sun, is lost at an extremely low rate. The mass of frog's spawn is maintained at a temperature of anything from 0.6°C. to 2°C. higher than the surrounding water.

This property of the jelly of frog's spawn not only helps survival in temperate latitudes, where the water may be cold or even frozen over in the breeding period, but may have later results. For example, as soon as the tadpoles hatch out they

cluster and cling to the remains of the spawn. This may have a three-fold effect: to give them a visible means of support, to provide food and to give a warm spot. It may be that the tadpoles could find all three elsewhere in the pond, but not necessarily in combination, so that the jelly coats they have latterly discarded offer the most favourable situation for their early growth. It is true

are more carnivorous. Throughout the animal kingdom it is almost a rule that herbivores should cluster, or live in herds, and carnivores should live more or less solitary lives; and for obvious reasons. So far as tadpoles are concerned the change does not take place suddenly, and there is a period when, having forsaken the spawn, they move about in clusters before finally dispersing. At this time, the clusters will move to the edge of the pond, on a fine day, into the slightly warmer water, but if the weather is cold or the sky overcast, they will move to the bottom of the pond, as if warmth were necessary to them.

Although the jelly of the spawn is almost 100 per cent. water there is at least that 0.3 per cent. of organic matter, which may serve as fertilizer to the algae growing on it. At all events, whether it is this or the slightly higher temperature of the jelly, or both, the fact remains that as the jelly disappears there is, in its place, a profuse growth of filamentous algae. This fairly bubbles oxygen on a sunny day and must be an important agent, even on dull days, in supplying the tadpoles and every other animal in the pond with this vital gas. It must be one of the reasons why even a small pond can support a large number of tadpoles at the later carnivorous phase, when they are larger and more active, and therefore have the greater need of oxygen.

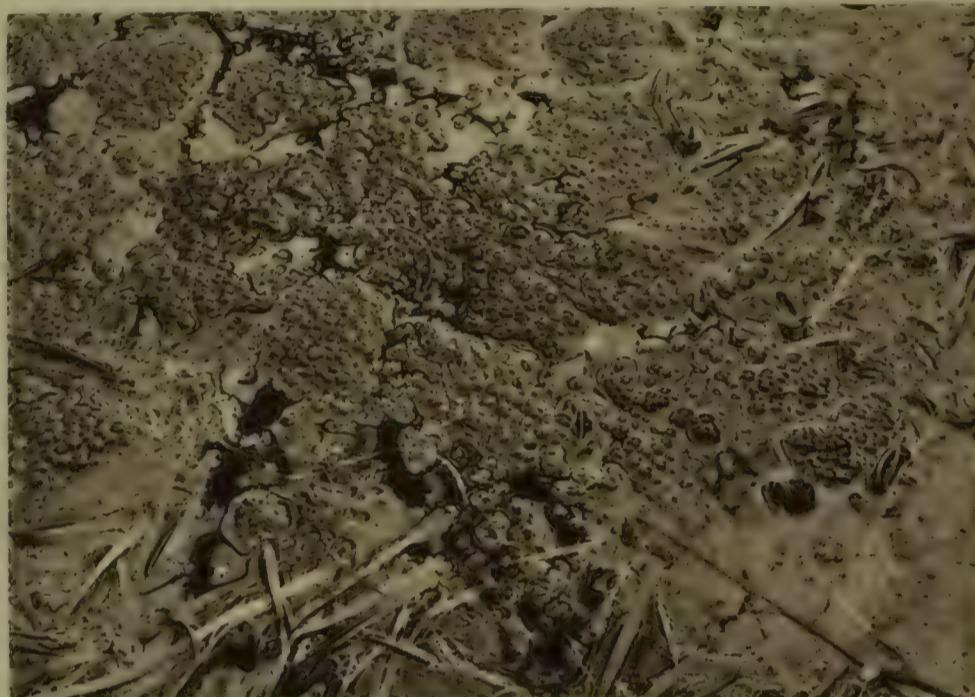
Although the second stage in the life-history has been consistently referred to here as "carnivorous," the tadpoles eat flesh and vegetable matter, and the flesh is mainly carrion. They are, in fact, scavengers keeping the water clear of matter that would otherwise putrefy, and converting such decaying matter into a form that will fertilize the water plants. Tadpoles are therefore scavengers and composters.

A striking instance of this occurred this year in a garden pond immediately under my window. One of the adult frogs lingered in the water after the rest had departed, following the end of the breeding season. It died at about the time the tadpoles were going over to a carnivorous diet. And before we could remove the carcase the tadpoles had gathered on it, and in a few days only the bare skeleton remained.

It is usual, as was said earlier, to speak of the laying of large numbers of eggs as wasteful. Often this is coupled with the thought that this extravagant production of offspring helps to feed and support life in other animals. Both result from

taking too narrow a view. As in the frog, and in all animals—and plants, too, for that matter—the superfluous progeny do more than this. They help to condition their own surroundings to ensure the survival of the few necessary to perpetuate their own species. They also condition the environment so that adults of their own species may breed successfully the following year. They also contribute to the survival of other species, even of those that prey upon them.

The ecology of any organism, plant or animal, is nowhere simple. It is possible, with tadpoles, to produce a relatively simple story which indicates how matters work with other species. But most of all, in view of what has been said here, a study of the ecology dispels the idea of a large number of offspring being merely wasteful.



A MASS OF FROG SPAWN ON THE SURFACE OF A POND. THE EGGS ARE LAID EARLY IN THE YEAR WHEN THE WEATHER IS GENERALLY COLD, BUT THE COAT OF JELLY, WHICH IS ALMOST 100 PER CENT. WATER, HELPS TO KEEP THE HEAT IN.



JUST BEFORE THEY DISPERSE OVER THE POND: TADPOLES ON THE JELLY MASSES THAT RECENTLY HOUSED THEM. THE BUBBLES OF OXYGEN ARE FROM THE ALGAE ON THE JELLY. (Photographs by Jane Burton.)

that I am using a certain amount of guesswork here, but it is based on the following considerations.

Tadpoles are herbivorous to begin with, and become carnivorous in the second stage of their development, while the legs are growing and other preparations are being made for the change into the land-living froglet. By the time the eggs hatch, the surface of the spawn is already tinged green with a growth of algae, fostered probably by the slightly higher temperature of the spawn. The newly-hatched tadpoles cluster on the spawn and actively nibble the algae. At the same time, the tadpoles probably are ensured a supply of oxygen from the rest of the algae on the spawn.

In this early stage, also, tadpoles are given to clustering, even when not on the spawn, although at a later stage they disperse, when their tastes



THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XXXI.
FRAMLINGHAM COLLEGE.



THE HEADMASTER, MR. PORTER, WITH HEAD PREFECT, BEFORE THE STATUE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT, IN WHOSE MEMORY THE SCHOOL WAS FOUNDED.

Framlingham School, in Suffolk, was founded in 1864 by public subscription as the county's Memorial to Albert, Prince Consort. It was built on land given by Pembroke College, Cambridge, with which the six Pembroke nominations at the school form a continuing connection. The school's first twenty years proved to be a period of fluctuating fortunes, and by 1886 numbers had fallen to sixty-five, and there were only four masters. Framlingham, however,

became finally established under Dr. Oliver Inskip, whose successful efforts were followed by the introduction of the house system and the broadening of the curriculum by Mr. F. W. Stocks. These changes set a course for the school which has been steadily followed by subsequent Headmasters—Mr. W. H. Allen Whitworth, Mr. Reginald W. Kirkman and the present Headmaster, Mr. W. S. Porter, one of the few scientist Headmasters of the public schools.

Specially photographed for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.

FRAMLINGHAM COLLEGE: VARIED SCENES AT THE SUFFOLK



HOCKEY TEAMS LEAVING THE NEW PAVILION. MR. N. F. BORRETT, THE NOTED HOCKEY AND SQUASH PLAYER, COACHES THE SCHOOL IN HOCKEY.



IN THE SCIENCE BLOCK A CHEMISTRY CLASS

PUBLIC SCHOOL FOUNDED IN MEMORY OF PRINCE ALBERT.



RECEIVES INSTRUCTION IN ANALYSIS.



WITH A HARD PULL ON THE ROPE, MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS TROOP OF THE COMBINED CADET FORCE ERECT A SHEER.



IN THE DINING HALL, ACCOMMODATING THE WHOLE COLLEGE: THE SCENE AT LUNCH-TIME.



A SCENE OF INDUSTRY IN THE WOODWORK SHOP. HANDICRAFTS ARE AMONG THE ACTIVITIES IN WHICH THE HOUSES COMPETE ANNUALLY FOR THE ARTS CUP.



CONSIDERING THE SITUATION AND THE NEXT MOVE: CHESS BEING PLAYED BY MEMBERS OF THE CHESS CLUB.



IN THE SCHOOL MUSEUM, WHICH CONTAINS MANY FINE SPECIMENS: TAKING NOTES AND EXAMINING THE EXHIBITS.



A JUNIOR SCHOOL RUGGER GAME. MR. KITTERMASTER, HEADMASTER OF THE JUNIOR SCHOOL (BRANDESTON HALL), SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND, IS THE REFEREE.



IN KERRISON HOUSE—ONE OF THE FOUR HOUSES: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AS EVENING "PREP" WAS IN PROGRESS.



AN EVENING SCENE IN GARRETT HOUSE: BILLIARDS, TABLE TENNIS AND VARIOUS OTHER ACTIVITIES.



THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA REHEARSING. THE CONDUCTOR IS MR. COPPERWHEAT, DIRECTOR OF MUSIC; AT THE DOUBLE-BASS IS THE CHAPLAIN, MR. WATERS.

Framlingham College stands in a commanding position, overlooking the small country town of Framlingham and its castle. The buildings of the Senior School include accommodation for 260 boarders, Chapel, Library, Classrooms, Gymnasium and Laboratories. A new block of large classrooms was added in 1925, and since the Second World War a Biology Laboratory and a Handicrafts Workshop have been built. In 1958 a new Physics and Chemistry Block

was added, this extension being made possible by a grant from the Industrial Fund. In the same year, ten new studies and four music practice rooms were provided. A new dormitory block is at present half completed. The College looks out on its 200 acres of farmland, which were acquired in 1930 and is surrounded by the playing fields. Framlingham has been particularly fortunate in the support it has received from its Old Boys. In addition to providing

Specially photographed for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.

substantial help with the modernisation which was carried out in the 1930s, they made possible the acquisition of the school's two farms, presented a new cricket pavilion—opened by the Duke of Norfolk in 1957—and, as their greatest benefaction, purchased Brandeston Hall, together with 26 acres of land, as the School's memorial to Old Boys killed in the two world wars. Brandeston Hall, a country house four miles from Framlingham, was formally opened as

the Junior School in 1948 by H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, now the school's Visitor, and houses some 150 boys between the ages of eight and thirteen. A large proportion of the Corporation of the College, whose President is Lord-Lieutenant of the County, the Earl of Stradbroke, is made up of past presidents of the Society of Old Framlinghamians, while the Chairman of the Governing Body, Air Marshal Sir John d'Abliac, is himself also an Old Boy.

FRAMLINGHAM COLLEGE: A GENERAL VIEW AND SOME SCHOOL ACTIVITIES.



A VIEW OF THE MAIN SCHOOL BUILDING, SHOWING THE CHAPEL ON THE RIGHT.



THE SCENE DURING A CHANGE-OVER OF CLASSES. IN THE BACKGROUND CAN BE SEEN PART OF THE NEW LABORATORIES.



MR. PODD, CENTRE, WHO COMMANDS THE COMBINED CADET FORCE, DURING INSTRUCTION AT THE SHOOTING RANGE.



THE DEBATING SOCIETY IN SESSION: A SPEAKER MAKING A POINT AS HIS AUDIENCE LISTENS ATTENTIVELY.

It is now nearly 100 years since the foundation of Framlingham, and it is proposed that the Centenary—which falls in 1964—should be marked by the building of a new School Hall. Among the activities at the College, which are illustrated on these pages, are music, hockey and shooting. Music is playing an increasing part in the life of the school. Last year, members of the school joined in the production of Benjamin Britten's "Noye's Fludde"



THE SCHOOL LIBRARY COMMITTEE VOTING TO DECIDE WHETHER A SUBSCRIPTION SHOULD BE TAKEN OUT FOR A NEW JOURNAL.

at the Aldeburgh Festival. Hockey, the major game in the spring term, is coached by Mr. N. F. Borrett, an Old Framlinghamian, who has been Olympic Captain, and also England's Squash Rackets Captain. The present Secretary of Hockey at Cambridge comes from the College. Shooting has long been an important activity of the Combined Cadet Force, which in 1957 won the Country Life Cup, while the second VIII won the medals for the best second team.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



LEADING THE BRITISH SATELLITE EXPERTS : PROFESSOR H. S. W. MASSEY.

Professor H. S. W. Massey, chairman of the Rockets and Satellites Committee of the Royal Society, is to lead a team of experts to discuss possible co-operation with the United States in launching British instruments in American rockets. This is part of Mr. Macmillan's satellite programme recently announced in the House. The study is expected to take about six months.



AN OXFORD APPOINTMENT: CANON C. A. SIMPSON.

The Rev. Cuthbert Aikman Simpson, sixty-seven, Canon of Christ Church and Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford, has been appointed Dean of Christ Church in succession to Dr. Lowe who is resigning because of ill-health. Canon Simpson, born in Nova Scotia, has held his present appointment since 1954, before which he was in New York at the General Theological Seminary.



A GREAT JAZZ MUSICIAN: THE LATE MR. SIDNEY BECHET.

Mr. Sidney Bechet, the "poet of jazz," died in Paris on May 14, on his sixty-second birthday. Born in New Orleans, Bechet showed early promise as a clarinetist, and played in King Oliver's band. He came to Europe after World War One and soon established himself as a brilliant player of the clarinet and soprano saxophone. Bechet was a true representative of the "classical" jazz style.



A LANCASHIRE MUSEUM APPOINTMENT : MISS HELENA GIBBON.

Miss Helena Gibbon, who has been appointed Art Director and Curator at the Harris Museum and Art Gallery, Preston, is well known as a professional artist under the name of "Gerald Hollis," and recently published "Four Centuries of Lancashire Art." She will succeed the present Director, Mr. Sydney H. Pavière, in October. Miss Gibbon, who was born in 1908, was educated privately.



A FAMILY GROUP: THE PRINCESS ROYAL, WITH HER SON, THE EARL OF HAREWOOD, AND HER GRANDSON, VISCOUNT LASCELLES.

At a ceremony at Leeds University on May 14, the Princess Royal—its Chancellor—presented her son, the Earl of Harewood, with an honorary degree in law. Her grandson acted as page.



HONOURED BY THE ROYAL AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY: THREE RECIPIENTS OF HONORARY FELLOWSHIPS CHATTING WITH THE PRESIDENT.

The Royal Aeronautical Society recently accorded three of its members its highest honour, in the form of Honorary Fellowships. Seen here just before the presentation are (left to right): Mr. S. Gates, Mr. Peter Masefield (the President), Professor J. Ackeret, and Sir William Farren.



AFTER A RECORD-BREAKING RUN: MR. DONALD CAMPBELL, WITH HIS WIFE, THE BELGIAN-BORN SINGER, MISS TONIA BERN.

Mr. Donald Campbell broke his own world water speed record for the fifth time in four years when, on May 14, he achieved an average speed of 260 m.p.h. in *Bluebird* on Coniston Water.



THE NEW SUDANESE AMBASSADOR TO BRITAIN, SAYED MOHAMMED HAMAD EL NIL, LEAVING THE EMBASSY FOR BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Sayed Mohammed Hamad el Nil, the new Sudanese Ambassador in London, is seen when he left for Buckingham Palace on May 13 to present his credentials to her Majesty the Queen.



SMILES OF TRIUMPH AFTER A SUCCESSFUL "HOLE IN THE HEART" OPERATION PERFORMED IN MOSCOW BY VISITING BRITISH SURGEONS.

A British medical team of seven have performed five successful operations in introducing the "hole in the heart" surgery technique to Russian doctors. Dr. Denis Melrose (left) invented the "heart lung machine" used; he is with Professor Colesnikov (centre) and Dr. William Cleland, leader of the team (right).



THE NEW LIBERIAN AMBASSADOR TO BRITAIN: MR. GEORGE T. BREWER, ON HIS WAY TO PRESENT HIS CREDENTIALS.

Mr. George Tilman Brewer is seen leaving the Liberian Embassy, in Princes Gate, Kensington, on his way to Buckingham Palace on May 14, to be received in audience by the Queen.

THE IBEXES THAT THE ACHÆMENIAN KINGS LOVED BRILLIANTLY PORTRAYED IN STONE AND BRONZE: TWO NEWLY-FOUND MASTERWORKS OF 2500 YEARS AGO.

Both pieces are from a private collection in Geneva. The photographs are by Alice Bommer (Figs. 1-3) and Boissonnas (Figs. 4-7).

IN our issue of December 27, 1958, Professor P. Amandry, of Strasbourg University, described and discussed a number of newly-found or hitherto unpublished pieces of Achæmenian silver and gold,

(Figs. 5 and 7), we find several of the usual conventions of Achæmenid art: the eyebrows schematised in a thick pad, the mane in rolls (as in the gold cup), the muscles underlined either by swellings or engraved lines. The whole is treated with a precision which suggests the art of the metal-worker. To this impression the quality of the stone also contributes, as it is a grey-black limestone with white veins, whose surface has a marvellous polish, no whit inferior to that of the finest marble. Great stone vases made part of the furnishings of the Palace of Persepolis; in its ruins were found fragments of plates, footed cups and dishes. Two of these objects were decorated with carved ducks' heads; several were inscribed with the name of Xerxes; all had been broken during the sack of the palace by the soldiers of Alexander. The stone vase with the three ibexes, in the harmony of its lines, the quality of its workmanship, in the beauty of its material and also in its state of preservation is one of the most impressive pieces of Achæmenid sculpture."

Further support for this theory is given in a hitherto unpublished bronze showing the forequarters of an ibex, which was found in Persia and is now in a private collection in Geneva (Figs. 1-3). Professor Amandry continues:

"The object is broken. It was cast by the *cire perdue* technique. A bronze ibex head, very like this but different



FIG. 1. A SINGLE BRONZE IBEX, 11 INS. (28 CM.) HIGH, RECENTLY FOUND IN PERSIA, WHICH MAY HAVE BEEN A UNIT IN A TRIFORM STAND, AFTER THE FASHION OF THE IBEXES IN THE VASE SHOWN IN FIGS. 4 TO 7.

a bowl, a vase, two whetstone handles in the form of a lion's head, a spouted amphora, and, most splendid of all, a magnificent vase with ibex handles, silver parcel gilt, in the form of an *amphora-rhyton*. This term describes a vase in the form of an amphora which has spouts in the base for the liquid to come out. In this particular case the vessel had two plain gilded, rather stumpy, spouts—one of the effects of which was to make it impossible for the vessel to stand upright by itself. Therefore, it is argued, bearing in mind the richness and sophistication of the Persian court of the Achæmenian court, it must have had a stand. What would such a stand be like? Professor Amandry continues:

"At Persepolis a bronze support of a triangular form and consisting of three lions has been found; and an idea of how the *amphora-rhyton* would look when set on its support is given by another 'document,' equally unique of its kind, which was recently found in Persia, at Hamadan according to certain information, in the region of Persepolis, according to other information. It is a stone vase carried by the three forequarters of ibexes, carved from the same block as the vase itself (Figs. 4-7). The whole thing is 24 ins. (61 cm.) high. The paws are tucked under the body. The tips of the hoofs of the three beasts touch two by two; and, seen from below, the lower parts of the legs form a hexagon in the form of a star (Fig. 6). The vase, whose interior depth is 16½ ins. (42 cm.), is decorated at the top with a frieze of palmèttes and buds and the whole of the upper part is horizontally channelled, the flutes being interrupted by the horns and heads of the animals. In the treatment of the forequarters of the ibexes



FIG. 2. A BACK VIEW OF THE BRONZE IBEX SHOWING THE BREAK AND ALSO REVEALING THE METHOD OF CASTING—THE CIRE PERDUE TECHNIQUE.

in detail, was recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. In describing it in the Bulletin of the museum (November 1956) Charles K. Wilkinson studied the technique of the casting and the assembly of the various parts.

"The object shown here is in an excellent state of preservation. One notices only a few holes, caused by oxidation or by faults in the casting, in the horns, at the junction of the ears

and the neck and on the left side of the head. Throughout, the brown colour of the bronze shows through a light green patina.

"The pose of the animal (Figs. 1 and 3) is like that of the three ibexes of the stone vase. Its function was of the same kind and perhaps identical. To judge by its appearance, the base must have rested on the ground. At the back, the metal is torn at the point (Fig. 2) where a projection marks the passage to a kind of ring or socket and where, at the same time, the thickness of the metal decreases. This ibex forequarter could have decorated the foot of a piece of furniture. It could also, associated with two others like it and linked by an armature of shafts of bronze or other material, have made part of a support with a triangular or radiating plan like that which the stone vase reveals.

"The architectural function of the ibex is expressed in the compact structure of the whole, solidly seated on the tucked-under legs . . . and in the line, at once supple and powerful, of the neck and shoulders. The head is very slightly turned to the right. The decoration is more sober than in the stone vase: one row of curls at the base of the horns, two rows on the brow. The beard is uniformly channelled with wavy lines. The broad pad above the eye has been left smooth. The muscling of the shoulders and the articulations of the legs are indicated, as in the stone vase, by relief and engraving, but are less strongly schematised. It is not certain that these slight differences of style should be taken into account in assessing the date. It is difficult to date such a piece with precision in the evolution of Achæmenid art. A certain resemblance with animal figures carved in the friezes of Persepolis gives an approximate indication. The ibex probably dates from the 5th century B.C. It is one of the plastic masterpieces of the Achæmenian era, which, in its treatment of animals and particularly of ibexes, achieved some of its greatest successes.

"Vases of gold, of silver, of stone show the high technical qualities of the goldsmiths and sculptors of the Achæmenid Empire. They give an idea of the luxury with which the King in his palace, the satraps and notables in their provincial residences and even the army commanders on



FIG. 3. THE PROFILE VIEW WHICH CAN BE COMPARED VERY CLOSELY WITH FIG. 7. THIS BRONZE PROBABLY DATES FROM THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.; AND THE STYLISATION IS MORE SOBER THAN THAT OF THE STONE IBEXES.

campaign, loved to surround themselves—that luxury which astonished the Spartans and the Athenians on the field of Platæa a century-and-a-half before it astonished Alexander and his Macedonians. Horace has written in a famous line that conquered Greece had conquered her savage conqueror. With equal truth one could say that the Achæmenid Empire, crumbling under the blows of Alexander, took her revenge on the conqueror by subjugating him through the splendour of an Oriental court."



FIG. 4. UNIQUE OF ITS KIND, A MAGNIFICENT STONE VASE, RECENTLY FOUND SOMEWHERE IN PERSIA AND NOW IN A PRIVATE COLLECTION, CARVED FROM A SINGLE PIECE, 24 INS. (61 CM.) HIGH.



FIG. 6. THE BASE OF THE STONE VASE, SHOWING THE HOOFS OF THE IBEXES TOUCHING TWO BY TWO TO FORM A HEXAGON IN THE SHAPE OF A THREE-POINTED STAR.

STONE TREATED LIKE METAL IN A SUPERB ACHÆMENIAN IBEX VASE.



FIG. 5. A FRONT VIEW OF A SINGLE IBEX OF THE VASE, TO SHOW THE BOLD FORMALISATION OF THE FEATURES, WHICH STILL HAS AN EFFECT OF NATURALISM.



FIG. 7. A CLOSE-UP PROFILE OF ONE OF THE IBEXES. THE TECHNIQUE SUGGESTS THE ART OF THE METALWORKER AND THE POLISH IS EQUAL TO THAT OF THE FINEST MARBLE.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

IN THE DUKERIES

By J. C. TREWIN.

THE programme at the Cambridge Theatre, London, now deserves a notice to itself. The play is the late Frederick Lonsdale's twenty-one-year-old comedy of manners, "Let Them Eat Cake," first staged in New York (as "Once is Enough") but untried here until now. Apparently it was first designed as a play of the 1920's, no doubt in the manner of "The High Road"—but the present production puts it back to 1913, rightly at the end of an era, and the programme is a copy of a genuine period piece.

Thus I was delighted, if a trifle surprised, to read in a gossip feature that "Mr. Frank Benson's Shakespeare company"—a company with which I am on most familiar terms at the moment—"is enjoying much success at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, prior to its long sea voyage to Canada and the United States of America." It was equally pleasant, and at first sight equally baffling, to learn that "Miss Sybil Thorndike, who is playing with distinction in 'Jane Clegg,' will shortly join Mr. Ben Greet's company of players at the Old Vic." And then, this:

Is your watch accurate? The other night I heard the new Eiffel Tower wireless time signal given out in morse code. Any person with the correct receiving mechanism within a radius of up to 1000 miles can, so it is claimed, receive this signal. The best time to receive for people home from the Theatre is at 11.30 or 11.45. Eiffel Tower sends out a "tap" for each second, leading up to 11.30 p.m. The mechanism—according to a contributor to *The Illustrated London News*—is simple, and consists of a copper wire suspended in one's garden, a tuning coil, a detector and a telephone. What marvels we have round us in our everyday life.

Yes, indeed. One found it hard to leave gossip and advertisements and come to the central programme page. The cast includes eight titles and a Member of Parliament: a true Lonsdale assemblage, even though the present Duke is the Duke of Hampshire and not his Grace of Bristol, which used to be another name for the late Ronald Squire. It has been a reasonable plan, I think, to backdate the setting to 1913. One or two references remain—shall I say?—unassimilated (at the première I doubted both the cocktails and a certain buoyancy that hinted at the Gay 'Twenties), but visually the Doris Zinkeisen décor is elaborately agreeable, and I dare say that the play needs something to make it seem more substantial. The wit is there, but Lonsdale did not work very hard on the detail of his plot. Designing woman seeks Duke; Duchess baulks designing woman; Duke and Duchess in harmony again. That is all: probably not a piece for admirers of our angrier young nihilists, though it is unlikely that their distaste will greatly affect Cambridge audiences.

Lonsdale wrote the play in 1938. His daughter, Frances Donaldson, says in her biography of him* that Gilbert Miller, for whom he was working on "Half a Loaf" (which became "Once is Enough" and now "Let Them Eat Cake") took nearly a year to get him to complete it:

There is a story told of the two of them which may be apocryphal but is very characteristic. Freddy complained to Gilbert Miller that he was unable to work in New York, and so it was arranged that he should go to stay on the Millers' farm in the country. Gilbert took him there and, as he was busy, left him there for a week or so by himself. When Gilbert returned he was met by Freddy, wreathed in smiles and with a manuscript in his hands.

"Gilbert," he said, "I have news for you. I have finished the third act."

Mr. Miller, immensely pleased, stepped forward to take the manuscript from him, but Freddy drew back.

"The only difficulty is," he said, "that you can't have it, because it's no good."

With a quick gesture he tore the manuscript in

joined the pieces together again in his hand. Only one sheet, the top one, had been written on. The rest was simply blank paper.

But the comedy was duly finished; it had its New York run; and it is now in London to remind us of the endearing dramatist who had always a few epigrams left to rub together. As I have said before, we feel at a Lonsdale play like Daisy Ashford's Mr. Salteena when he "sat on a velvet cushion and quite enjoyed hearing the intelligent conversation." And there are also some cheerful people. Henry Kendall, pining for port, reminds me of a younger edition of Fred Kerr, the cocktail-conscious peer in "The High Road"; and one could base a novel upon the life of that gentle figure Lord Plynne (Archie), as Claude Hulbert acts him. I have been calling him a fish; but I am inclined to think that he is something like a moth, a very polite moth that settles now and again on a convenient shrub; examines the landscape benignly, and flutters off again with a courteous quivering of the wings to all.

The principal parts are played by Michael Denison and Dulcie Gray, which means that we can believe firmly in the Duke and Duchess of Hampshire while they are upon the stage. And Lonsdale asks no more than that. He wrote his plays for the night, for performance. Away from the theatre they are inclined to blend and blur, though one must always remember Gerald du Maurier at breakfast upon the terrace in the third act of "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," and Ronald Squire's twelfth Duke of Bristol engaged in a slanging match with Ellis Jeffreys in a Scottish country house.

So back, wistfully, to the remarkable programme of "Let Them Eat Cake." This tells us, among other entrancing information, that bonnets

are allowed in the balcony; that in "The Pearl Girl" at the Shaftesbury Miss Iris Hoey will be playing "the delectable deceiver who falls in love with the Duke of Trent" (it sounds a bit like a Lonsdale plot), that gramophone records are obtainable at three shillings each, and that in the theatre's "high-class refreshment saloons" (but, remember hastily, they are the refreshment saloons of 1913) whisky is obtainable at fourpence and draught beer at twopence.

Sheridan and Lonsdale would have got along very well together. I have just heard again "The Duenna," with Julian Slade's refreshing music, which is in revival at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre: Sir Barry Jackson did it there in the early 1920's, with the Linley score. The unselfconscious gaiety of "The Duenna" is as enjoyable as ever it was: Sonia Graham and Marigold Sharman are exactly right in their different ways, romantic and broadly comic, and there is one character here, the blood-pressure martinet, Don Jerome, that would fit most impressively into the

Lonsdale world. Arthur Pentelow, in this part, looks as though he might blow up at any moment, which is just as it should be. Moreover—and this is something Lonsdale's choleric types rarely do—he sings. Don Jerome should have an honorary Dukedom.

Now, if you will forgive me, I must look at the copper wire suspended in my garden. What marvels we have round us in our everyday life!

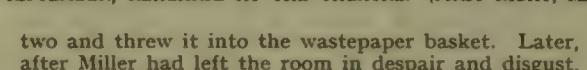
* "Freddy Lonsdale" (Heinemann, 1957), pp. 199-200.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"CYRANO DE BERGERAC" (Bristol Old Vic).—Peter Wyngarde in the Humbert Wolfe version. (May 19.)

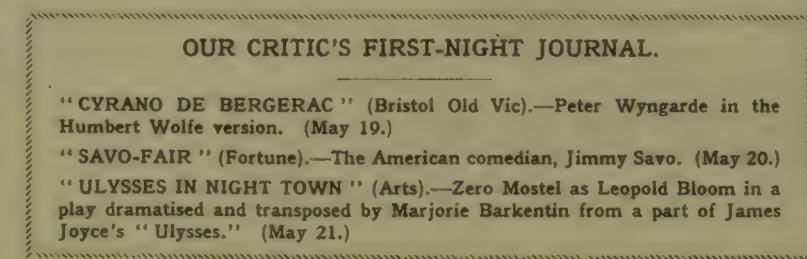
"SAVO-FAIR" (Fortune).—The American comedian, Jimmy Savo. (May 20.)

"ULYSSES IN NIGHT TOWN" (Arts).—Zero Mostel as Leopold Bloom in a play dramatised and transposed by Marjorie Barkentin from a part of James Joyce's "Ulysses." (May 21.)



PREPARING FOR THE OPENING OF THEIR NEW CREATION, "CARMEN AND DON JOSE": SUSANA AND JOSE, THE WORLD-FAMOUS SPANISH DANCERS, WHO HAD SUCH SUCCESS AT THEIR FIRST SADLER'S WELLS SEASON LAST SEPTEMBER, REHEARSE AT THE THEATRE. (FIRST NIGHT, MAY 12.)

two and threw it into the wastepaper basket. Later, after Miller had left the room in despair and disgust, Freddy retrieved this pile of paper from the basket and



FROM A WATERBUS TO A CHAMPION PEKINGESE:
A SURVEY OF RECENT DEVELOPMENTS.

WINCHESTER: THE NEW HAMPSHIRE COUNTY HALL, WHICH IS DUE TO BE OPENED BY THE QUEEN ON JUNE 8.

This shows the façade of the new County Hall, which is the largest of the buildings recently put up in Winchester as part of the city's rebuilding. It is situated near the Westgate.



THE ELEPHANT AND CASTLE ROADWORK SCHEME: THE FIRST ROUNDABOUT NEARS COMPLETION IN THE L.C.C. COMPREHENSIVE DEVELOPMENT PLAN FOR THE SOUTHWARK AREA.

This is the first part of the much-needed improvement in speeding the flow of traffic at the Elephant junction. It was begun in August 1957 and has cost about £127,000. It is flanked by the Walworth Road (right) and Newington Butts (left).



DRAKESTEIN CASTLE, HOLLAND: THIS ENCHANTING CASTLE HAS JUST BEEN BOUGHT BY QUEEN JULIANA FOR HER DAUGHTER, CROWN PRINCESS BEATRIX, AS A PRIVATE RESIDENCE. AT PRESENT THE PRINCESS IS STUDYING AT LEYDEN UNIVERSITY.



(Above.)
THE NEW WATERBUS SERVICE TO THE ZOO: THE BRITISH TRANSPORT COMMISSION'S WATERBUCK MAKING A TRIAL RUN FROM PADDINGTON CANAL JUNCTION TO LONDON ZOO BEFORE STARTING A REGULAR SERVICE ON MAY 14.

(Left.)
STILL SMILING AFTER TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF BEING TRAPPED IN A FLOODED CAVE AT BELVAUX-SUR-LESSE: JACQUELINE DESMONT.

Mlle. Desmont, 22, of Louvain University, was caught in the Belvaux Cave when a storm caused an inrush of water. She remained standing in mud and icy water until rescuers could reach her, 150 ft. underground. She was with a group of cave explorers from Louvain when the accident occurred.



AT THE PEKINGESE CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW AT ST. MARYLEBONE YOUTH CENTRE, CHAMPION GIVERSHAM KU KU OF YAM POSES AMONGST THE PRIZES OF HIS WORLD. AN OFFER OF 10,000 GUINEAS FOR HIM WAS REFUSED.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGH SCAVENGERS: INDIAN PARIAH KITES AT THE NEST.



ONE OF THE COMMONEST—AND MOST USEFUL—BIRDS OF INDIAN CITIES AND TOWNS: THE PARIAH KITE (HEN BIRD) WITH HER CHICK ON THE NEST.



AFTER FEEDING THE CHICK, THE HEN FLIES OFF. THE FLIGHT OF THE PARIAH KITE IS BOLD, EASY, AND GRACEFUL, ALTHOUGH THE TAKE-OFF IS SOMETIMES HEAVY.



FEEDING-TIME FOR THE PARIAH KITE CHICK. THE USUAL NUMBER FOR A CLUTCH IS TWO, AND THE NEST IS GENERALLY PLACED, AS HERE, IN A TREE-FORK.



THE PARIAH KITE, THOUGH A SCAVENGER, IS A BEAUTIFUL AND GRACEFUL BIRD; AND THIS FAMILY SCENE, NEAR DELHI, PRESENTS A CHARMING PICTURE.

Readers of *The Illustrated London News* are familiar with the outstanding photographs taken by Mr. Loke Wan Tho, of Singapore, principally of the birds of Malaya and Kashmir. Here and on the opposite page we reproduce some by his wife, Mrs. Christina Loke, which reveal that she is an equally expert photographer in a specialised and exacting field. She and Mr. Loke are at present collaborating with Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, the U.K. High

Commissioner in Delhi, in preparing a book about the birds of Delhi. The pariah kite (*Milvus govinda*) is, of course, one of the most familiar sights of Indian towns, where hundreds may be seen in the air at any one time slowly and gracefully soaring before swooping on any chance piece of offal. The pariah kite is a dark brown in colour, the sexes being alike, and the bird is about 20 ins. long. The Indian name is *chil*, in imitation of the birds' cry.

INDIAN WHITE-BACKED VULTURES: IN OUTSTANDING PHOTOGRAPHS.



A WHITE-BACKED VULTURE—A YOUNG BIRD—WAITING IN THE NEST FOR FOOD TO BE BROUGHT BY ONE OF THE PARENTS. A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN NEAR DELHI.



AS THE PARENT BIRD APPROACHES WITH FOOD, THE YOUNG VULTURE BECOMES VERY EXCITED, HALF-SPREADING ITS WINGS, PUFFING OUT ITS FEATHERS AND QUIVERING.



A STRANGELY EVOCATIVE PICTURE: THE YOUNG BIRD HAS BEEN FED AND ITS EXCITEMENT BEGINS TO SUBSIDE AS THE PARENT PAUSES BRIEFLY BEFORE TAKING OFF.

These photographs, like those on the opposite page, were taken by Mrs. Christina Loke, who with her husband, Mr. Loke Wan Tho (who is well known to our readers), is collaborating with Mr. Malcolm MacDonald in producing a book on the birds of Delhi. Mr. MacDonald considers this set of photographs "magnificent and, I think, unique . . . I doubt whether anything so good of these birds has been taken before." The Indian White-backed Vulture



FEEDING-TIME: THE PARENT BIRD'S NECK IS STRAINED IN THE ACT OF REGURGITATION AND THE YOUNG VULTURE WAITS, BEAK OPEN, FOR THE FOOD TO BE DROPPED.

(*Pseudogyps bengalensis*) is the commonest vulture in India, where it is found in vast numbers, especially near towns. Its plumage is nearly black except for the white patch on the rump and lower back, the African species being browner. Although vultures are so useful to mankind as scavengers, they normally inspire revulsion; and it is surprising that in these striking photographs they assume a sort of hieratic beauty.

IN SALE-ROOM AND ART GALLERY: FINE MINIATURES, IMPRESSIONIST RECORDS, AND MALAYAN WAX-DYED PAINTINGS.



"AN ELIZABETHAN GALLANT," A MINIATURE BY NICHOLAS HILLIARD (1547-1619), SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S FOR £2900. (2 ins. high.)



"SIR WALTER RALEIGH," A MINIATURE BY HILLIARD, PURCHASED FOR £5000 BY THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY (1½ ins. high.)



"A LADY," BY HILLIARD, SOLD FOR £500 AND THOUGHT TO BE OF THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX. (2½ ins. high.)

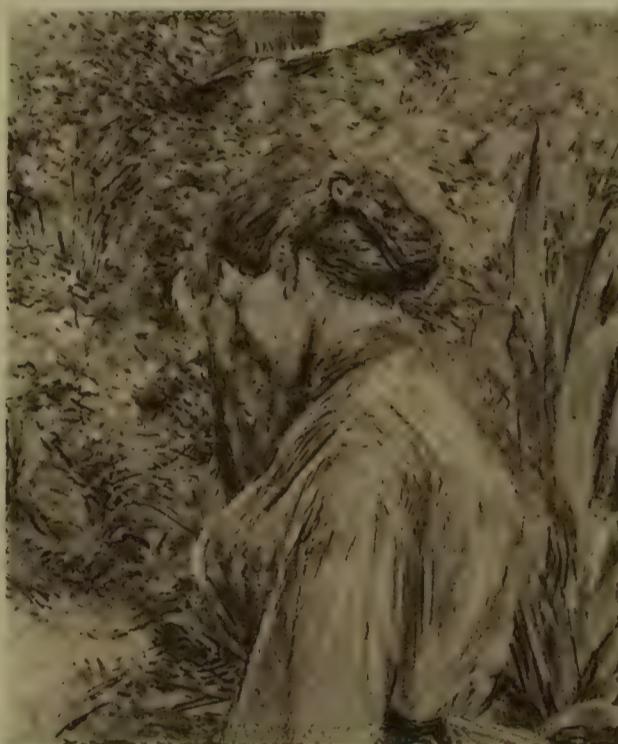


"AN UNKNOWN MAN," BY HILLIARD, WHICH FETCHED £3000: A STRANGE FEMININE HAND DESCENDS FROM THE CLOUDS. (2½ ins. high.)

The most outstanding item in the sale of Miniatures at Sotheby's on May 14 was a superb portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh by Nicholas Hilliard (1547-1619). This has been purchased by the National Portrait Gallery for £5000. It is understood that the National Art-Collections Fund is contributing £2000 and the Pilgrim Trust another substantial sum.



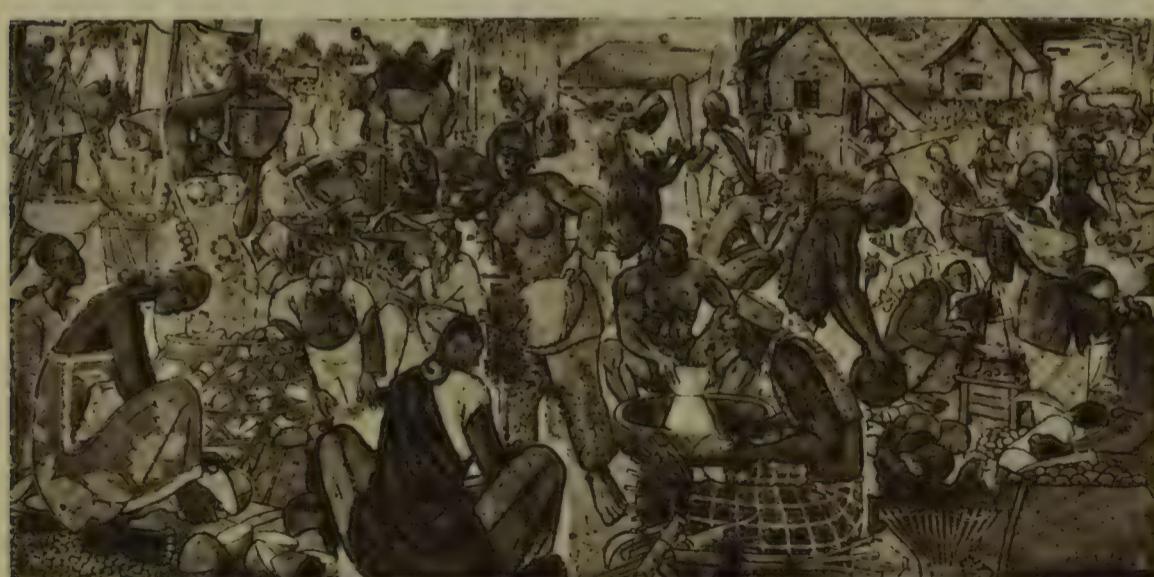
"DANSEUSE SUR LA SCENE," BY DEGAS, SOLD IN NEW YORK FOR £64,285, THE HIGHEST EVER PAID FOR A PAINTING BY DEGAS. (Pastel: 25 by 19½ ins.)



"FEMME ROUSSE DANS UN JARDIN," BY TOULOUSE-LAUTREC, WHICH ALSO SOLD FOR £64,285, THE HIGHEST IN THE U.S.A. FOR THIS ARTIST. (Peinture à l'essence, on panel: 28 by 23 ins.)



"LES FILLES DE DURAND-RUEL," BY RENOIR, SOLD FOR £91,070, ANOTHER RECORD. (Oil on canvas: 32 x 25½ ins.)



"MALAYAN SCENE," BY CHUAH THEAN TENG: THE LARGEST OF THE BRILLIANTLY COLOURFUL WAX-DYED CLOTH PICTURES BY A CONTEMPORARY MALAYAN ARTIST, WHICH ARE NOW ON VIEW AT THE COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE.

The traditional Malay batik sarong, frequently wax-dyed in splendid tropical colours, has given an enterprising Malayan artist the idea of producing paintings by the same means; and the current exhibition open at the Commonwealth Institute until May 31 is a tribute to the complete success of his imaginative venture. The walls of this rather chilly art gallery now glow with rich reds, purples, yellows and greens, so that the spectator is made to feel part of the bustle and brilliance of the Orient. Teng's method is a slow one, and this may be one of the reasons for the strength of his pictures. He covers with wax those parts of the silk or cloth which he does not wish to colour, and then submerges the material in dye. This process is continued colour by colour.



"COUNTRY FOLKS," ALSO BY CHUAH THEAN TENG, WHO HAS PERFECTED A TECHNIQUE LONG USED IN THE DYEING OF SARONGS.



Together—perfectly!



Canada Dry Ginger Ale and Tonic Water go together perfectly with your favourite spirits. Each has the generous quality of enhancing the virtues of its companion. You find you are enjoying your whisky or gin in an even more agreeable way... with Canada Dry.

Ginger Ale and **EXPORT** Tonic Water

Also Soda Water and Bitter Lemon

I DON'T believe that any other country excels our own in the high standard of book-production accorded to all works dealing with the fine arts. There may, here and there, be a notable exception in favour of some overseas publisher. But here in Britain we have come to take it for granted that we should enjoy a steady flow, from many publishing houses, of books which are at once authoritative and elegant, informative and beautifully illustrated, printed on the best-quality paper and handsomely bound. I think it a pity that we should take this for granted. It is a privilege and a delight which should command our gratitude. These were the reflections which came to me last week as I settled down to enjoy two notable examples of triumph in this field. The first was *ENGLISH VICTORIAN JEWELLERY*, by Ernle Bradford. Many of us can remember, as children, looking through our mothers' jewel-cases, and picking out some ring, brooch or cameo, remarkable perhaps for its somewhat assertive quality, only to be told: "That used to be granny's." Thumbing through the illustrations in Mr. Bradford's book we shall find many pictures which will bring back memories of this kind. But what surprised me was the real beauty of so much that was produced in an age when artistic taste cannot be said to have been at its happiest. True, Mr. Bradford tells us himself that he has deliberately devoted more space to such aspects of jewellery as struck him as being particularly worthy of the student's and collector's attention, and has practically ignored others which seemed to him to be aberrations of taste, such as human-hair jewellery. Here I am heartily in agreement with him! Nevertheless, the good—and there is a great deal of it—is surprisingly good. Mr. Bradford, from the expert's point of view, prefers the granulated and filigree work. For myself, I preferred some magnificent sets of necklaces with ear-rings to match—suits, I have learnt to call them. (And I must not forget to mention that Mr. Bradford adds a useful glossary, so that the ignorant can distinguish a bort from a blister pearl, and a shank from strass.) I quote Mr. Bradford's conclusion:

Many pieces of Victorian jewellery are deplorable in design, many are too heavy for to-day's dress fashions, but few of them are lacking in the great essential—craftsmanship. We live in an age when the immediate appearance, or performance, is all that counts. Our standards are the tawdry standards of the mass-production belt—and we would do well to realise that more hand-craftsmanship and more real care went into a Victorian ring than into a modern motor-car.

His book contains food for thought as well as for much enjoyment.

My second example of this kind of work is *GREAT COINS AND MEDALS*, by Jean Babelon, with 167 photographs by J. Roubier. The photography needs special mention because it is beyond all praise. The coins and medals, ranging from the 7th century B.C. to the 16th century A.D., are all magnified in reproduction, so that every detail of each individual head is sharply brought out. There is, naturally, much variation in the style and artistic level of so wide a range of examples, but the photographs themselves are uniformly good. I found it interesting first to look through the illustrations and make up my own mind about their merit or demerit, and then to turn to M. Babelon's text for corroboration—or, more likely, humiliating contradiction! He has, at any rate, taught me to appreciate a startling 5th-century portrait of Theodoric—the artist, suggests M. Babelon, was inspired by "relentless savagery"—but I was frankly ashamed of the grotesque images supposed to represent Cymbeline and Edward the Confessor. (Why, may I enquire, do not doctors and dentists keep beautiful books like these in their waiting-rooms, instead of tattered and out-dated copies of allegedly humorous magazines? Nothing could so usefully distract the patient's attention from his ills.)

By comparison, the other books on my list are undistinguished. Mr. Boris Morros, a Hollywood producer and musician, was first a spy for the N.K.V.D., and then a counter-spy for the F.B.I. He has written his reminiscences in *MY TEN YEARS AS A COUNTERSPY*. I found the book complicated and rather dull. There was a great deal of running around and "placing of agents," but I never quite fathomed what the agents were supposed to do. If all Russian spying is as fatuous and inefficient as this, the F.B.I. can go happily to sleep.

Now for three books about places. *NORTH-WEST OF SIXTEEN*, by J. G. MacGregor, seemed to me neither better nor worse than any other account of a childhood spent in the home of pioneer parents who settled in the Canadian West. It failed to rouse my interest. I was more diverted

A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

by Mr. Noel Barber's *DISTANT PLACES*, because Barber has the journalist's penetrating eye and ready pen (or typewriter). This is not just a re-hash of his journalistic "scoops." It is a collection of oddments and oddities, among which my favourite is the "School for Snakecharmers." Very different from Mr. Barber's individualism is the careful scholarship of Mr. Howgrave-Graham,

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

COMPLETING at length my second book about World Championship Candidates' Tournament, this time the 1956 one, brings back to me with extraordinary vividness an episode which, though its connection with chess is only incidental, may amuse a few readers. It might be entitled, by analogy with a certain book on chess by Znosko-Borovsky, "How not to catch the night boat from Harwich."

The Candidates' Tournament was drawing towards its close. Interested as I was in going over to Amsterdam to witness some of the play, I had been swamped with work. It was only with the last round about to commence that I was able to make plans for a quick visit. Moreover, I had fallen behind with my schedule in the Midland Championship, so arranged to play my old friend and rival, Philip N. Wallis, in Quorn on the way down from Sutton Coldfield.

"How not to play in the Midland Championship" might head this first chapter, for to play a keen game in the knowledge that you must cover 170 miles to catch a boat to Holland immediately on its conclusion hardly helps one's chess. P. N. Wallis is always capable of beating me on his merits anyway, and did so then.

As soon as I stopped in Cambridge for dinner I realised I had set myself a pretty task. I cut the meal short and was soon on the road again.

Then, in Colchester, I got lost. I suppose Colchester people, born and bred to its intricacies and introduced to the town a road or two at a time, manage to find their way about. I defy anybody else to. Moreover, they seem very poor at passing on their knowledge to others.

My first real shock came when I realised I had passed the same spot three times. It took me a good half-hour to write clear of Colchester, even after that.

My second shock was seeing a signpost which indicated "16 miles to Harwich." A glance at my watch showed that I had just seventeen minutes to go before the boat was due to leave.

Sixteen miles in seventeen minutes! One might do it easily on some roads but not on this.

If the "reeling English drunkard" made any road, he made that one. It did everything but circle round the telegraph-poles. The screeching of my tyres must have been audible a mile away.

Then I ran out of petrol. My car was the sort that habitually did that, so I had a can of petrol in the boot. Three-quarters of its contents went into the tank, the rest was hurled, with the can and the cap, over a hedge.

I reached the docks on the dot of time, leapt out of the car, locked it and noticed I'd left the inside light on; unlocked again, switched off . . . "You can't leave that car here!" came the voice of the Law.

In vain to plead! The vehicle must be left in the official car park, far up the road. Luckily, a wide-awake attendant had noticed me. A tip, desperately lavish, freed me to race away to the customs house.

Not a soul to be seen! The last sane passenger had been cleared a full quarter-hour before: for currency control, passport examination and the rest of it, I had to hunt out officials from cocoa and Nap in obscure rest-rooms. Once unearthed, they functioned with commendable speed but, oh, how the minutes ticked by!

At last, bathed in sweat, I reached the ship. "You've had it!" exclaimed the porter who had taken me under his wing. With consternation, I observed the ship had already drawn away from land. Between the quayside and the deck was a good 5-ft. gap, widening every instant. But in the same glimpse, I noted something else—the tide was low and the deck-level just below the quay; I could do it yet! I hurled my bags aboard, nearly stunning one eminent Hollander, and started to jump.

"You'll never do it, man!" exclaimed some perfect imbecile, clutching at me in a manner designed—if anything could—to consign me to the murky water some 30 ft. below. I landed squarely on the rail, swayed there for an instant—was grabbed by succouring hands.

All very trivial in a world of war heroism, parachute descents, Antarctic exploration and the rest—but quite a memory in the life of a nearing-fifty chess-player who, if he had funked that jump, would never have felt quite the same about himself again.

author of *THE CATHEDRALS OF FRANCE*. This book has an excellent general introduction, but is in essence a handbook. Ideal for those who are spending a sightseeing holiday in France this year—indeed, such a holiday might well be built round the information the book contains.

Only two novels in last week's quota struck me as being unusually successful, and they are both Italian. In *ARTURO'S ISLAND*, Elsa Morante, wife of the famous Alberto Moravia, takes as her hero a boy living in a vast, decaying house on the

island of Procida. The previous owner of the house was very sinister indeed, and we are not at all surprised to find, in the end, that the boy's father, who had been in his youth an intimate of the sinister gentleman, turns out to be pretty sinister himself. But in the meantime he has provided the boy with a stepmother hardly older than himself, and the results are, of course, emotionally disconcerting. The story is very well told, though I cannot at all understand how the boy managed to keep sane and normal in so unpromising an atmosphere. Normality and sanity have little place in Livia de Stefani's *THE VINE OF DARK GRAPES*. Her central figure—for "hero" I will not call him—is an old rascal who has grown rich by devious means. He likes to keep his family (illegitimate children by a prostitute) chained up in their rooms. That, however, does not prevent that boy from spending an incestuous night with the girl, who has crept into his room to comfort him. Daddy is displeased. It all ends up with a whirl of murder and madness. Passions so tempestuous and so unseemly sound as unendurable as the sirocco which no doubt inspired them. But the book is really much better than I have made it sound. (Italian novelists, I notice, seem to be quite happy at exploiting the possibilities of incest. In this country we are only just beginning to get around to it—perhaps because everything else has been exploited long ago.)

I have not read Philip Callow's previous novel, "Common People," but I found little to interest me in his *NATIVE GROUND*. I feel sure that it is an authentic picture of working-class boyhood and youth in a rather squalid Midlands town, but the only conclusion I reached was that the working-classes lead lives quite as dull as those of the middle-class—and that makes me very, very sorry for them!—but I don't think it makes a book. Rural, as distinct from industrial, poverty provides the background to Gwen Dunn's *SIMON'S LAST YEAR*. It is in—all right, then: "dialect," if you're tired of "Jabberwocky"—and that does not endear it to me. But it is a pleasant enough quiet tale about a quiet schoolmistress dealing with the quiet incidents in the lives of quiet children.

TRIAL BY BATTLE, by Peter Towry, is yet another novel with a war setting. The hero is a young officer, the most ordinary young man you could imagine, who thinks that maybe he is a coward. He is dominated by a senior officer who shouts and yells and gets drunk and clouts Indian doctors on the head. Now I understand, not only why we won the war in Malaya (which is the scene of the battles in this book), but also why we lost the Empire.

I am afraid that I do not like novels about spies and counter-spies working in "behind-the-Iron-Curtain" embassies in London. Mr. Seldon Truss' *THE HIDDEN MEN* does its very best to make such a story credible. It very nearly succeeds. But I could not believe in any of the characters, as characters—except possibly the curator of a dim and unvisited museum of antiquities in South London. There is action in plenty, ending with a crime reporter's gallant action in crashing his car into an aeroplane about to take off with a glamorous hostage. But I found it, for the most part, stereotyped.

Lastly, I lift my annual coronet to the new edition of *DEBRETT*. As usual, the preface to this indispensable volume is delightful, and the editor, Mr. C. F. J. Hankinson, does his suave best with "four angry women"!

BOOKS REVIEWED.

ENGLISH VICTORIAN JEWELLERY, by Ernle Bradford. (*Country Life*; 42s.)

GREAT COINS AND MEDALS, by Jean Babelon and J. Roubier. (*Thames and Hudson*; 63s.)

MY TEN YEARS AS A COUNTERSPY, by Boris Morros. (*Werner Laurie*; 15s.)

NORTH-WEST OF SIXTEEN, by J. G. MacGregor. (*Barker*; 16s.)

DISTANT PLACES, by Noel Barber. (*Wingate*; 13s. 6d.)

THE CATHEDRALS OF FRANCE, by R. P. Howgrave-Graham. (*Batsford*; 35s.)

ARTURO'S ISLAND, by Elsa Morante. (*Collins*; 15s.)

THE VINE OF DARK GRAPES, by Livia de Stefani. (*Eyre and Spottiswoode*; 16s.)

NATIVE GROUND, by Philip Callow. (*Heinemann*; 15s.)

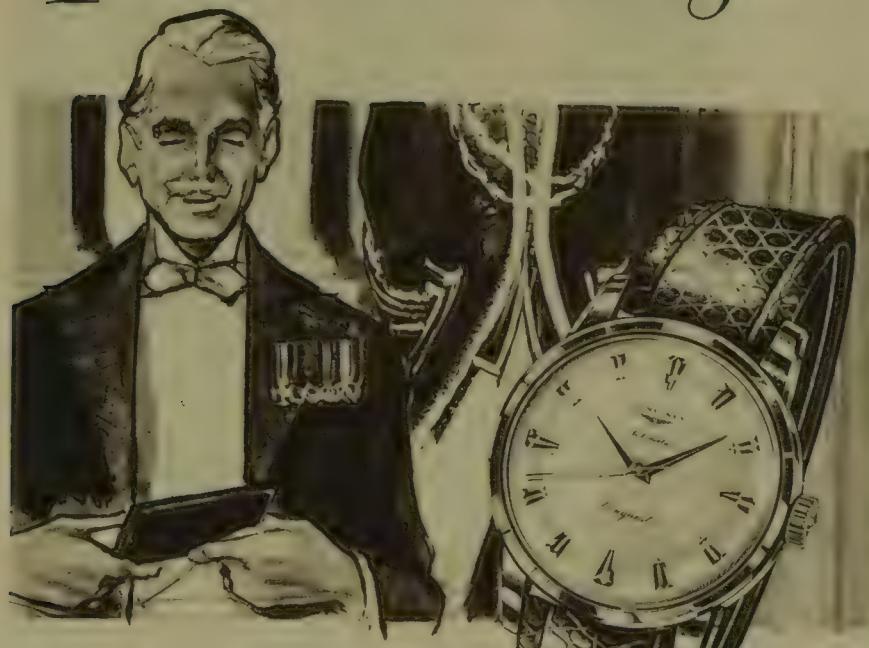
SIMON'S LAST YEAR, by Gwen Dunn. (*Methuen*; 12s. 6d.)

TRIAL BY BATTLE, by Peter Towry. (*Hutchinson*; 13s. 6d.)

THE HIDDEN MEN, by Seldon Truss. (*Hodder and Stoughton*; 12s. 6d.)

DEBRETT 1959. (*Odahams*; 12 guineas.)

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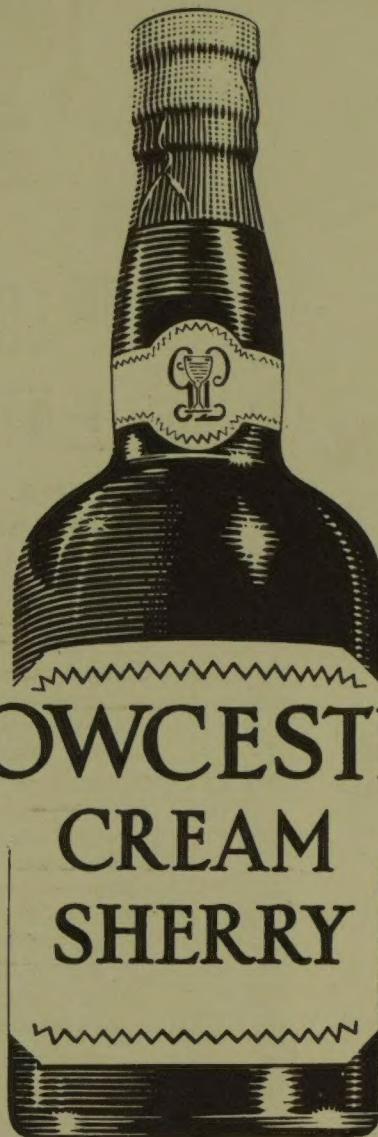
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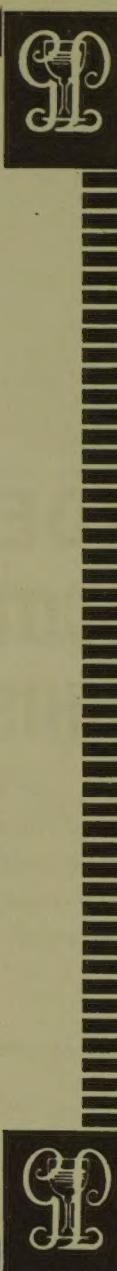
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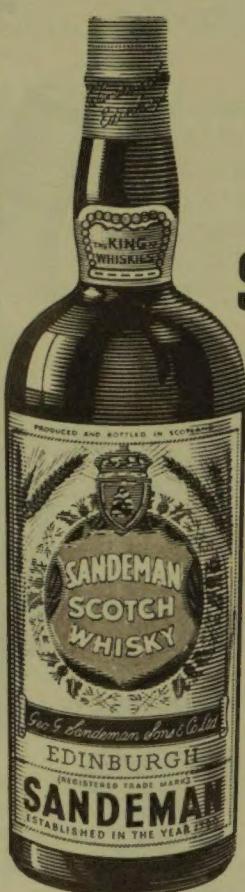
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